Cambria Freeman.

J. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

Terms, $2 per year, in advance.

VOLUME VII. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 9, 1873. NUMBER 16.

LIST OF RETAILERS OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC MERCHANDISE, as assessed for the year 1873:

			Lic'se.
ADAMS TOWNSHIP.			
Jno. McGuire,	Hotel	$ 7 75	$ 7 75
ALLEGHENY TOWNSHIP.			
Jno. Berkey,	Hotel	$ 7 75	$ 7 25
BLACKLICK TOWNSHIP.			
Jno. Wise,			7 25
BARR TOWNSHIP.			
Jno. Lamborn,		7 25	14 Nich. Lamborn 7 25
CARROLLTOWN BOROUGH.			
Jno. Fenlon,		7 25	14 Leonard Hiller 7 25
Jno. Gallagher,		7 25	14 J W Sharbaugh 7 25
Jno. Hughes,		7 25	14 Henry Blum 7 25
Mansberry Bros.		7 25	14 Andrew Hagg 7 25
Jno. Wise,		7 25	
CAMBRIA BOROUGH.			
Jno. Linton,		7 25	14 Joseph Stibich. 7 25
Jno. Linton,		7 25	14 John Kintz 7 25
Jno. Linton,		7 25	
CONEMAUGH BOROUGH.			
Jno. Linton,			7 25
DAISYTOWN BOROUGH.			
Jno. Gump,			14 Louisa Aaron. 7 25
Jno. Linton,		10 25	14 Jac'b Wertman 7 25
Jno. Linton,		7 25	14 Aug. Lehmyer. 7 25
Jno. Linton,		7 25	
EBENSBURG BOROUGH.			
Jno. Linton,			7 25
FRANKLIN TOWNSHIP.			
Jno. Linton,		7 25	14 J. D. Wintroth 7 25
FRANKLINVILLE BOROUGH.			
Jno. Linton,		7 25	14 M. Douglass 7 25
Jno. Linton,		7 25	14 John Crouse 7 25
GALLITZIN TOWNSHIP.			
Jno. Linton,			7 75
GALLITZIN BOROUGH.			
Jno. Linton,			7 25
HASTINGS BOROUGH.			
Jno. Linton,			14 Lemmon & Murray 7 25
Jno. Linton,		7 25	14 A. P. Fields 7 25
Jno. Linton,		7 25	14 M. L. Oatman 7 25
Jno. Linton,		7 25	14 C. T. Roberts 7 25
Jno. Linton,		7 25	14 G. C. K. Zahn 7 25
Jno. Linton,		7 25	14 Baxter & Son 7 25
Jno. Linton,		7 25	14 E. J. Mills 7 25
Jno. Linton,		7 25	14 A. Krause 7 25
Jno. Linton,		7 25	14 A. Strittmatter 7 25
Jno. Linton,		7 25	14 Thos. Griffith 7 25
JOHNSTOWN BOROUGH.			
Jno. Linton,			7 25
LILLY BOROUGH.			
Jno. Linton,			7 25
LORETTO BOROUGH.			
Jno. Linton,		7 25	14 P. F. Shaffer 7 25
Jno. Linton,		7 25	14 Leonard Kist 7 25
MINERSVILLE BOROUGH.			
Jno. Linton,		10 25	14 Lemmon & Murray 7 25
Jno. Linton,		7 25	14 A. P. Fields 7 25
Jno. Linton,		7 25	14 M. L. Oatman 7 25
Jno. Linton,		7 25	14 C. T. Roberts 7 25
Jno. Linton,		7 25	14 G. C. K. Zahn 7 25
Jno. Linton,		7 25	14 Baxter & Son 7 25
Jno. Linton,		7 25	14 E. J. Mills 7 25
Jno. Linton,		7 25	14 A. Krause 7 25
Jno. Linton,		7 25	14 A. Strittmatter 7 25
Jno. Linton,		7 25	14 Thos. Griffith 7 25
PORTAGE TOWNSHIP.			
Jno. Linton,			7 75
PRINCIPIO BOROUGH.			
Jno. Linton,			7 25
SOUTH CONEMAUGH BOROUGH.			
Jno. Linton,		7 25	14 P. F. Shaffer 7 25
Jno. Linton,		7 25	14 Leonard Kist 7 25
SPRINGFIELD TOWNSHIP.			
Jno. Linton,			7 75
SUMMERHILL BOROUGH.			
Jno. Linton,			7 25
SUMMERHILL TOWNSHIP.			
Jno. Linton,			7 75
SUMMITVILLE BOROUGH.			
Jno. Linton,			7 25
WASHINGTON TOWNSHIP.			
Jno. Linton,		7 25	14 Jane Leahy 7 25
Jno. Linton,		7 25	14 John Beck 7 25
Jno. Linton,		7 25	14 Martin & Co. 7 25
Jno. Linton,		7 25	14 Wm. Pringle 7 25
Jno. Linton,		7 25	14 Wm. Griffith 7 25
WILMORE BOROUGH.			
Jno. Linton,			14 Paul & Settlemoyer, 7 25
Jno. Linton,		7 25	14 Edward Evans 7 25
Jno. Linton,		7 25	14 P. Kirby 7 25
WILMORE TOWNSHIP.			
Jno. Linton,			14 A. H. Fiske 7 25
WOODVALE BOROUGH.			
Jno. Linton,			7 25
YOUNGDALE BOROUGH.			
Jno. Linton,			14 Jore. Hipple 7 25
PATENT MEDICINES.			
Jno. Linton,			& Son, Wilmore Bor 5 25
Jno. Linton,			" " 5 25
Jno. Linton,			Washington Township 5 25
Jno. Linton,			Hamilton Township 5 25
Jno. Linton,			Ebensburg Borough 5 25
BREWERIES.			
Jno. Linton,			Loretto Borough 15 25
Jno. Linton,			Carrolltown Borough 15 25
Jno. Linton,			" 15 25
Jno. Linton,			Conemaugh Borough 15 25
Jno. Linton,			Conemaugh Township 15 25
Jno. Linton,			Johnstown Borough 15 25
Jno. Linton,			" 15 25
Jno. Linton,			Cambria Borough 15 25
Jno. Linton,			Washington Twp 15 25
BILLIARD TABLES AND TEN-PIN ALLEYS.			
Jno. Linton,			Johnstown & Billiard Tables 50 25
Jno. Linton,			Washington Twp 15 57
Jno. Linton,			" T. P. Alley 15 25
Jno. Linton,			Allegheny Twp 15 25

The above amounts charged in each case above are to be understood as the fees of the Prothonotary, Treasurer, which with the license paid to said County Treasurer on or before the 1st day of July next, as the law requires.

APPEAL will be held at the Treasurer's office, Ebensburg, on Monday, the 2d day of June next, at 1 o'clock, P. M.

H. C. DEVINE,
Mercantile Appraiser.

GALLITZIN HOTEL,

GALLITZIN STATION, PA. R. R.

The last purchased, refitted and refurnished and known and commodious house, the subscriber is fully prepared to accommodate all who may favor him with their patronage, and respectfully invites the attention of his friends in Cambria and Blair counties to the same. Neither expense or pains will be spared to make all feel at home who sojourn at the TEMPERANCE HOUSE.

M. FITZHARRIS, Proprietor.

Gallitzin, April 4, 1873.-tf.

STATEMENT OF SETTLEMENT with the Supervisors of Washington Township for the year 1872:

MICHAEL BRADY, SUPERVISOR,
In account with Washington Township, DR.

To amount of Duplicate		$1,315 60
" " " Taxes on Unseated Lands		202 75
" " " Cash retained		3 00
Total amount		$1,521 35
CR.		
By work on roads as per acc't filed,	$1,088 25	
" Time, 96 days @ $1.50 per day	144 00	
" Order to R. L. George, April 8, 1872	1 50	
" Order to J. P. O'Neill, June 24, 1872	1 50	
" Order to Wm. M'Gough, June 25, 1871	1 50	
" Order to Jno. Kelly, Nov. 26, '70	3 00	
" " Julius Eger, May 14, '70,	12 62	
" " Wm. M'Gough, Jr. 24, '72,	3 92	
" " E. M'Glade, Apr. 22, '71,	4 00	
" " F. Warner, Apr. 11, '70,	4 38	
" " Wm. M'Closky, " 22, '71,	4 00	
" " Jas. Conrad, May 25, '68,	1 50	
" " Wm. Brown, Sept. 5, '70,	11 37	
" " Phil. Warner, Apr. 11, '70,	9 83	
" " Jno. Kelly, April 23, '70,	4 75	
" " Jno. Kelly, " 22, '71,	4 00	
" " Dan'l Kearny, " 10, '70,	3 50	
" " J. Burgoon, May 14, '70,	2 50	
" Order to J. M'Gonigle, judgment for lumber and interest in 1870	61 54	
" Order to G. L. Davis, Ap. 10, '71,	70 90	
" " to E. M'Glade, April 10, 1871, interest $8.44,	114 00	
" Exonerations, April 14, 1873,	7 81–1,560 37	
Balance due Supervisor		$39 02

PETER MYERS, SUPERVISOR,
In account with Washington Township, DR.
To amount of Duplicate $707 66

CR.

By Time, 54½ days at $1.50 ₰ day	$81 75	
" Exonerations	14 00	
" Unseated Lands returned	13 85	
" Bond and Oath	1 25	
" Pine Book	25	
" Team	2 00	
" Receipt for Parrish judgm't, $1,	14 50	
" Work done on roads as per acc't,	613 71	
" Parrish judgment	4 97–$745 88	
Balance due Township		$21 88

From the best information in our possession—having posted notices to claimants to forward to us, prior to this date, information in regard to the character and amount of their claims—there are claims to the amount of four hundred and nine dollars and fifty-two cents ($409.52) against the Township.

We, the Auditors of Washington Township, do certify that the above is a correct statement of the accounts of said Township.

WM. M'GOUGH, }
J. P. O'NEILL, } Auditors.

CHRISTOPHER ROBINE, Clerk. [April 19, 1873.]

STATEMENT OF SETTLEMENT with the Supervisors of Blacklick Township for the year 1872:

JOHN FERGUSON, SUPERVISOR,
In account with Blacklick Township, DR.

Apr. 8, '72—To balance of last year's tax,	$ 32 87	
" 14, '73—To Duplicate of road tax, 1872,	411 10	
To Unseated Land taxes	140 00	
To amount from Reuben Boring	8 98	
To order on Supervisors for 1873	90 87	
	$683 82	

CR.

June, 1872—By work, old duplicate	$69 59	
" By one plough	10 00	
" By Altimus Ott	6 10	
Apr. 14, '73—By am't rec'd to Com'rs	29 28	
" By lost tax, Geo. Fore,	16	
" By " Jno. Patterson	1 00	
By orders paid J. L. Edwards	4 12	
" " " John B. Ross	5 10	
" " " J. W. Duncan	8 32	
" " " George Huntley	13 80	
" " Ed. James, printing	9 00	
" " H. A. McFlike, printing	8 00	
" work on roads	429 45	
" cash paid for pick	1 75	
" " " shovel	1 40	
" " " 3 scoop handles	1 50	
" Time	84 28	
" two duplicates	1 00–683 82	

REUBEN BORING, SUPERVISOR,
In account with Blacklick Township, DR.

April 8, '72—To balance of last year's tax	$55 40
" To duplicate of tax for 1672	467 31
Apr. 14, '73—To Unseated Land tax	100 00
	$622 71

CR.

June 1, '72—By work on roads	$ 74 06
Apr. 14, '72—By exonerations	1 30
By am't returned to Commission'rs	10 93
By work by Ross	63 31
By work by Boring	404 73
By time, etc.	45 50
By six plough points, 70c. each	4 20
By putting timber out of roads	5 00
By repairing tools	5 00
By cash to Ferguson to bal'ce acc't	8 98–622 71

OUTSTANDING DEBTS.

Order to John Ferguson	$ 90 87
John Cameron, Auditor	3 00
Elias Rowland, "	1 50
John L. Edwards, "	3 25
John L. Edwards, smith work	4 74
John B. Ross, Town-ship Clerk	12 00
John B. Hite, for room	1 00
	$116 36

We, the undersigned Auditors of Blacklick Township, do certify that we have examined the above accounts and find them correct.

JOHN CAMERON,
ELIAS ROWLAND, } Auditors.
JOHN L. EDWARDS.

Attest—JOHN B. ROSS, Clerk.
Blacklick Twp., April 14, 1873. [25-3t.]

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.—In accordance with an Act of the General Assembly of this Commonwealth, approved the 8th day of April, A. D. 1872, "relating to the collection of taxes in the County of Cambria," notice is hereby given to the tax-payers residing in the districts named below, that the County Treasurer, in accordance with the second section of said Act, will attend at the places of holding the Borough and Township elections, on the following named days, for the purpose of receiving the County, Poor, State and Military Taxes assessed for the year 1873:

For Croyle Township, Monday, June 16th.
" Summerhill Twp., Tuesday, June 17th.
" Wilmore Borough, Wednesday, June 18th.
" Washington Township, Thursday and Friday, June 19th and 20th.
" Summitville Borough, Saturday, June 21st.
" East Ward, Ebensburg, Monday, June 23d.
" West Ward, " Tuesday, June 24th.
" Cambria Township, Wednesday and Thursday, June 25th and 26th.
" Munster Township, Friday, June 27th.
" Jackson Township, Monday, July 21st.
" Blacklick Township, Tuesday, July 22d.
" Gallitzin Township, Wednesday and Thursday, July 23d and 24th.
" Loretto Borough, Friday, July 25th.
" Allegheny Township, Saturday and Monday, July 26th and 28th.
" Chest Springs Borough, Tuesday, July 29th.
" Clearfield Township, Wednesday and Thursday, July 30th and 31st.
" Carrolltown Borough, Friday, August 1st.
" Carrol Township, Saturday and Monday, August 2d and 4th.
" Barr Township, Tuesday, August 5th.
" Susquehanna Twp., Wednesday and Thursday, August 6th and 7th.
" Chest Township, Friday and Saturday, August 8th and 9th.
" White Township, Tuesday and Wednesday, August 12th and 13th.

And, in accordance with the second section of said Act, upon all taxes paid to the Treasurer before the 1st day of September there will be a deduction of FIVE PER CENT., while 5 per cent. will be added to all unpaid taxes, and placed in the hands of a constable.

JOHN COX, County Treasurer.
Treasurer's Office, Ebensburg, April 11, 1873.

Executor's Notice.

LETTERS TESTAMENTARY on the Estate of JEREMIAH NOONAN, late of Munster township, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted by the Register of said county to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

ELIZA NOONAN, } Executrices.
AGNES NOONAN, }

Munster Twp., April 18, 1873.-5t.

Estate Notice.

HAVING obtained Letters of Administration on the Estate of PETER J. DEEMS, late of Barr township, Cambria county, dec'd, the undersigned hereby notifies all persons indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

HENRY S. DUMM,
Barr Twp., April 18, 1873.-6t.* Adm'r.

AN OAD TU SPRING.

Well, Spring, youv cum at last, hev you?
The poet sez youv bin a sittin in Old Winter's
Lap—now aint you ashamed of yourself?
I spose the old feller's bin a bussin you;
I should think he hed from your breth
A bein so cold—but that's the way them
Old feller's hev a doing.

Well as I was saying,
Youv cum at last with your "bamy
Breth" a blowing from the Northwes—
Westconstant or Nebrasky, I spose,
Great countries for bans I reckin.

Now youv cum wen
Everybodi's feed and korn and things
Hev all been fed out! Now luck at
Our kritters, will ye? See our karl;
On the lift, a heving to be steaded by
Thur tales when they gits up a mornings!
Look at our hossis wats all reduced
To skeletons a weepin over a troft;
A hull troft full of kolds!
A hull troft full of bitter reckeleckshun!

Look at them shepe a lienin in
The fence corners a waiting for grass!
Yis, and they've bin a waiting some ov
Them weex! And if they wasn't
Puld they'd a bin "shakin their lox
At yu" and sed—"U dun it!" (That thur
Is from Hamlet, won of Shakspur's plais.)
As another poit sez—"Grass riffused makes
The stumak ake." So these shepe will
Never open thur i onto grass agin—no.

Now luk at them hogs as has bin
A follerin them katel wat hev bin
Stuffed with ha! See em, will ye, a creepin
Round as if theyse tetched with corns.
Look at ther eres, will ye—bigger nor
Enny cabbidge lefe!

See the shotes
A lenin on the fens to squele!
Luk at them nity eres "a hanging pendint"
Onto sech little hogs! See a hundrid
Gud shotes rejuced down to a sven
Korn baskit full!
Yes, that thurs ol yer doins, U
Tardy, loiterin Spring!—a hanging bak
As youv bin a doin.

But now youv cum!
We feel yure cheerin presenz wen we
Git round onto the south side ov the barn!
We here the hens a kacklin when the've
Laid a eg! We see the horse radish
A starting up along side the garding
Fens! The wimmen is a lukin into
The old tea-pot after garding seeds,
And all these things make me think youv
cum!

Ef so be I've riled
Yu, Spring, a showin up ov yer short cummins,
Jest set it down to havin poit's lisens.
(Tho I haint taken wun out yet, I 'low to.)

GO VAY, BECKY MILLER.

BY "OLD UNCLE SCHNEIDER."

Go vay, Becky Miller, go vay!
I don't lofe you now von schmall leetle bit;
My dream vas played oud, so please got up
und git—
Mit your false-hearted vows I can't git along
mit.
Go vay, Becky Miller, go vay!

Vas all der young voomans so false-hearted
like you,
Mit a face nice und bright und a heart plack
und plue,
Und all der vile schwearin you lofe me so
drue.
Go vay, Becky Miller, go vay!

Vy vonce I dought you vas a sthar vay up
high,
I liked you so petter as gogonat bie,
But, oh! Becky Miller, you'se now a pig lie.
Go vay, Becky Miller, go vay!

You dook all der bresents vat I did bresent;
Yes, gobbled up efery blamed von vot I sent—
All der vile mit anoder young rooster you
vent.
Go vay, Becky Miller, go vay!

When firsht I found oud you'se such a pig lie
I don't know vedder to shmudder or die,
But now, py der Chingo! I don't often gry.
Go vay, Becky Miller, go vay!

Don't try to make peleef you was sorry apout,
I ton't peleef a dings vot comes oud of your
moud,
Und besides I ton't care, for you'se blayed
out.
Go vay, Becky Miller, go vay!

P. S.—(Pooty short.) Vell, he has tolt Becky to "go vay" nough times, ennyhow. I dink he vas a ugly feller. Veil, perhaps dot serf Becky Miller schoost right, for tooking bresents from one feller, vile at der same dime she is vinkin her nose py anoder feller. Dot's not a good vay, don't it.

A SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT living in Crawford county, Kan., recently mailed the following answer to an applicant for a teachership: "Mi deer Miss—Yoors of inqueery is gest receaved & at hand & contents noted & I will say this much that we air grateley in kneed of some good teachers & if yoo air prepared to undergow a sewear examination in spellin, gramer, latin, & fractions, such as I alwais conduct miself—come on to once. P. S. how would yoo like to enter the konnubial state thar air a grate many young men of high tone, & supeeror mentil acquirements here who air red hot for a wife, & if yoo play yoor kards sharp yoo wunt teach long. Yorws in respect, H. H. S.

ADVERTISING don't pay. A Hampshire county farmer who advertised his farm for sale claims to have fed out one hundred barrels of oats to the horses of persons who have been to see the place.

THE FEROCIOUS GRIZZLY.

In the summer of 1859, wishing to go across the plains, I started from St. Louis with an emigrant train, consisting of about fifty teams and one hundred and seventy-five men, women and children. We reached Denver, Col., without an accident, where I left them to pursue their journey straight thro' to California, while I, with several companions, struck across the mountains, through the south-western part of Dakota, now Wyoming, intending to go to Virginia City, Montana, where a great gold excitement was then raging.

One of my companions, Shell Murray by name, was formerly my chum while we hunted and scouted through that same region of country, about five or six years before. I met him at Denver and easily persuaded him to accompany me to the mines. He was the most expert shot that I ever saw in all my frontier travels, and was universally acknowledged as such. I have seen him before now get some one to throw up a potato or an apple, at a distance of twenty or twenty-five yards from the muzzle of his rifle, and he would plug it to the centre every time—a feat rarely if ever equaled.

My other companion was a regular down-east Yankee, hailing from Vermont. I never saw any one that could beat him talking, and Shell declared that his tongue was hung on a swivel and wagged at both ends. He had a large pack on his back, filled with all manner of worthless trinkets, (so we then thought,) which he asserted would yet prove to make his fortune. Nearly bent double under his heavy load, he would drag along behind us, and every once in a while holler out, "I say, hyer, you fellars; yer in a hurry, aint yer?" No persuasion or entreaty would induce him to leave part or all of the fatal pack (which, as you will see presently, proved his ruin) behind him, as we wanted to make faster time. The amount of swearing that Shell did at that "ornery cuss," as he called him, would make a street gamin stare, but we dare not leave him behind us, for fear that the Indians or grizzlies, which were pretty thick around there, would make short work of him. So we trudged patiently on, with the determination to "slide out" and leave him at the next settlement we came to.

One night, after a hard day's tramp, we were sitting around the cheerful camp-fire; the Yankee was loquaciously discoursing on the superiority of his own native State, and the East generally, over the West. Shell had leaned back against a fallen tree, and was half asleep, and I was stretched at full length on the ground, thinking of home, for by that time we had become so used to the Yankee's twaddle, that it disturbed us no more than the sighing of the night breeze through the forest trees, and the only way to silence him was to let him talk till he fell asleep on his pack, which he never let out of his keeping for a moment.

How long I had lain there I do not know, but suddenly starting from a deep dream, I rose up on my elbow, rubbed my eyes and looked around. A few remaining embers of our last night's fire were still glowing. Shell was quietly sleeping in the same position I had last seen him when I went to sleep; the Yankee also was sound asleep on his pack. Wondering what had awakened me, I looked around cautiously to discover the cause, but seeing nothing, I was beginning to sink to the ground again to resume my slumber, when a slight crackling noise attracted my attention in the direction where the Yankee was sleeping; and in another moment I saw a large whitish mass emerge from the thicket and approach the unconscious sleeper. A cold chill crept over me, for in the whitish mass I recognized a grizzly bear. The animal began snuffling around the Yankee, and in a few moments more I expected to see him torn to pieces. My mind and body had become paralyzed, for I was unable to move or think coolly; but finally summoning all my energies, I jumped to my feet with a loud yell, at the same time firing off one barrel of my revolver. Shell jumped to his feet, the Yankee rose with a bound, almost frightened to death, and the bear scooted through the bushes as fast as he could go, so that I did not know which was the most frightened, the bear or the Yankee.

There was no more sleep for us that night, and in the morning Shell and I determined to pay the grizzly back for the fright he had given us during the night, and although the Yankee was opposed to this move, he would not stay behind, but shouldered his pack and followed us. We trailed the bear for about two hours and finally reached the banks of a wide and swift running stream. The bear had evidently come to the river for a drink, for we traced his tracks to the very edge of the water; and the trail from there struck across the country in a diagonal direction from the way he had come. Shell's blood was up, and he was determined to have that bear's skin if he hunted a week for him, and no words of the poor pedlar could dissuade him from his purpose.

We had not proceeded twenty rods upon the trail, when I, who was in advance, heard a sharp crunching noise in the bushes directly in front of me. I advanced a few more steps, and discerned the faint outline of the bear through the thick brush, crunching in his huge jaws the remains of some animal. I raised up my hand to Shell and the Yankee, as a sign for them to stop, as I had discovered something. Then I raised my rifle, in which I put an extra bullet, to my shoulder, took careful aim at his heart and fired. A fearful roar followed the shot, and the bear rushed from the bushes into the clearing where we were standing, and on catching sight of us he tossed his ungainly head and made straight for us. The old maxim that I had oten heard in the settlements, "Every pedlar for himself," was never more completely followed out than now. "Drop your pack and run!" shouted Shell to the pedlar, who stood in the middle of the clearing, undecided, with his revolver in his hand, while Shell himself was going for the nearest sapling at a rate rarely equaled; and I was making for one of the steep bluffs on the bank of the river. The Yankee, instead of throwing off his pack, started for a small tree about three rods from where he stood, with the pack still on his shoulders, and the consequence was that before he had got half-way, the bear had nearly reached him. The Yankee himself, looking over his shoulder as well as he could with that huge pack bundled on to him, saw that he could not reach the tree before the bear. So he resolutely turned around, facing the now furious beast, revolver in hand, and before the bear could reach him, he had emptied his seven-shooter in the carcass, and throwing away his revolver, drew his hunting knife.

On seeing the pedlar thus hard beset, both Shell and I turned to the rescue, but too late, for ere we could reach the spot the bear had raised upon his hind legs and delivered a fearful blow at the poor man, which struck him on the shoulder, knocking him flat on the ground, and then pouncing upon him, began literally to tear him to pieces. We soon reached the fearful scene, and Shell called out to me saying: "Stay where you are, Joe, and let me fix him." He then advanced within ten yards of the roaring beast, which was so busily engaged in its bloody work that it did not notice him; then raising his rifle to his shoulder, he uttered a low cry to attract the attention of the bear; the beast heard the noise, ceased clawing at its victim and raised its head; then a sharp whip-like report rang through the forest, and the bear dropped on its side, dead.

We rushed up to the pedlar, expecting to see life extinct; but no, he was still alive and breathing.

"What can we do for you?" I asked him. He shook his head and said, "Nothing." My time has come, boys, and I must die; I feel it. Oh, why didn't I go to the States when I was in Denver. The "almighty dollar," that spirit of gain which has impelled me since I was a boy, has at length proved my ruin. I was not satisfied with my fortune; I wanted more, more.

"In this pack is the wealth of years' hard toil and labor. Every trip I made through these mountains in search of more gold I determined should be my last, and that on reaching my starting point I would go East and enjoy my wealth; but I was never satisfied, and now I have reached this miserable end. I have no need for the gold now; it is yours; divide it between you when I am dead; I have no other friends."

He closed his eyes for a few moments, and then raising his hand and placing it on his brow, he cried: "Is this death? Must I die now? Oh God, save, save!" His arm fell on his breast, a gurgling sound was heard in his throat, a few gasps, and our Yankee companion was dead.

"That's too bad," said Shell, drawing his coat sleeve across his eyes. "I believe the man was made out of the real stuff; he died 'game' anyhow."

It is no use to describe to you the wounds that caused his death. I hope you will never see the like as long as you live. Suffice it to say that we buried him beneath the spreading branches of a juniper tree, within the precincts of a tract of land that would remind one of the Garden of Eden.

The pack contained about ten thousand dollars' worth of gold dust and nuggets. No wonder the poor fellow groaned beneath his heavy load. We divided the sum between us and went back to Denver, where I left Shell and returned home.

TRIFLING WITH A NOBLE RED MAN.—A Kansas district school was recently visited and addressed by Messrs. Big Mouth, Powder Face, and Spotted Wolf—all the noblest kind of noble red men. A mischievous school boy placed a pin trap where Big Mouth sat down, and that chieftain was observed to rise hastily and remark: "Ugh! too much flea bite. Me no stay to hear class in analytical geology."—*St. Louis Democrat.*

A BLACKSMITH can not only shoe a horse himself, but he can make a horse shoe.

A RIDE FOR LIFE.

There was a beautiful clear stream of water named Bluff Creek, running through camp, which supplied bathing facilities to the officers and men, a privilege which few allowed to pass unimproved. Whether to avoid the publicity attending localities near camp, or to seek a point in the bed of the stream where the water was fresh and undisturbed, or from a motive different from either of these, two of our young officers mounted their horses one day without saddles and rode down the valley of the stream perhaps a mile or more in search of a bathing place. Discovering one to their taste, they dismounted, secured their horses, and after disposing of their apparel on the green sward covering the banks, were soon floating and floundering in the water like a pair of young porpoises. How long they had been enjoying this healthful recreation, or how much longer they might have remained, is not necessary to the story. One of them happening to glance toward their horses observed the latter in a great state of trepidation. Hastening from the water to the bank, he discovered the cause of the strange conduct on the part of the horses, which was nothing more nor less than a party of about thirty Indian warriors mounted, and stealthily making their way toward the bathing party, evidently having their eyes upon the latter and intent upon their capture. Here was a condition of affairs that was at least as unexpected as it was unwelcome. Quickly calling out to his companion, who was still in the water unconscious of approaching danger, the one on shore made haste to unfasten their horses and prepare for flight. Fortunately the Indians, who were now within a few hundred yards of the two officers, were coming from the direction opposite camp, leaving the line of retreat of the officers open. No sooner did the warriors find that their approach was discovered than they put their ponies to their best speed, hoping to capture the officers before the latter could have time to mount and get their horses under headway. The two officers in the meanwhile were far from idle; no flesh brushes or bathing towels were required to restore a healthy circulation, nor was time wasted in an idle attempt to make a toilet. If they had sought their bathing ground from motives of retirement or delicacy, no such sentiments were exhibited now, for catching up their wardrobe from the ground in one hand and seizing the bridle rein with the other, one leap and they were on their horse's backs and riding toward camp for dear life. They were not exactly in the condition of Flora McFlimsy with nothing to wear, but to all intents and purposes they might as well have been so. Then followed a race which, but for the risk incurred by two of the riders, might well be compared to that of John Gilpin.—Both of the officers were experienced horsemen; but what experienced horseman would willingly care to be thrust upon the bare back of a flying steed, minus all apparel, neither boots, breeches, nor saddle, not even the spurs and shirt collar which are said to constitute the full uniform of a Georgian Colonel, and when so disposed of, to have three or four score of hideously painted savages, well mounted, near at hand, straining every nerve and urging their fleet-footed war ponies to their highest speed in order that the scalps of the experienced horsemen might be added to the other human trophies which graced their lodges? Truly this was one of the occasions when personal appearance is nothing, and "a man's a man for a' that;" so at least thought our amateur Mazeppas as they came dashing towards camp, ever and anon casting anxious glances over their shoulders at their pursuers, who, despite every exertion of the former, were surely overhauling their pale-faced brothers. To the pursued, camp seemed a long way in the distance, while the shouts of the warriors each time seeming nearer than before warned them to urge their steeds to their fastest pace. In a few moments the occupants of camp discovered the approach of this strangely appearing party. It was an easy matter to recognize the warriors, but who could name the two who rode at the front?

The pursuing warriors, seeing that they were not likely to overtake and capture the two knights of the baths, slackened their pace and sent a volley of arrows after them. A few moments later and the two officers were safe inside the lines, where they lost no time in making their way to their tents to attend to certain matters relating to their toilet which the sudden appearance of their dusky visitors had prevented. It was a long time before they ceased to hear allusions made by their comrades to the cut and style of their riding suit.—*"Life on the Plains," by Gen. G. A. Custer, in May Galaxy.*

A TROY dentist became emotionally insane while repairing a front tooth for a pretty woman, and kissed her. She told her husband, and he went round next day and borrowed $500 from the dentist for a great length of period.

JOKE FROM MAX ADELER.

The following joke, from the pen of our "old" friend Max, we take from the Philadelphia Sunday Dispatch:

Kipp always had an idea that he could invent a self-acting sewing machine; and he did. He procured a steel ribbon spring about twenty feet long, and of sufficient power to run a horse car. This he rigged on his wife's sewing machine with a lot of clock-work, and it appeared to him when he finished the job that evening, that he had realized his hopes. If any sewing machine ever would go, that would; so he wound it up ready for use in the morning and went to bed. At 4 o'clock Mrs. Kipp aroused him and told him to listen to the burglars in the house. He listened and heard a most terrific racket over in the sitting room. It appeared to him that there must be a million or more burglars refreshing themselves with a prize fight. So he loaded his gun, crept softly over, and peeped through a crack in the door. It was not burglars; it was Mrs. Kipp's sewing machine. The peg had slipped, and that spring was having full play. It would rear the machine up on one end, and charge it three or four times, like a battering ram, against the glass front of the book-case. Then it would wheel around and suddenly tear across the room and butt ferociously against the mantelpiece; and it would lie down and roll over the floor, and hammer the sofa, and boost the centre table, and try to jam a hole through the wall, and endeavor to leap upon the chandelier. And as Kipp entered the room it flew at him, and tore in and out between his legs, the wheel revolving like fury all the time, and the spring gradually unwinding. And then Kipp retreated and then waked the family, and got the mattress off the bed.—Then they covered the machine and sat on it for a while, and finally pushed it out of the window into the yard, where Kipp piled boxes and ash barrels and slop buckets and fence pailings on it to hold it still. But all night, under the heap, it kept up a continual buzz and snort and hum, so that the next door neighbor fired at it sixteen times with the impression that it was cats. Kipp has since bought a new sewing machine, and his wife runs it with her feet. He has abandoned the study of mechanics for the present.

A WESTERN ROMANCE.

A Chicago reader sends the *Danbury News* the following account of an incident which occurred in a village near that city:

Jonathan, the hero, was a country store keeper. Amelia, the heroine, was the young lady who kept the village school, and "boarded around." She frequently had occasion to visit the store, and there Jonathan received those impressions which ultimately developed into a strong passion for her. He resolved to pay her a visit, and selected a Sunday evening for that purpose. He dressed himself very nicely all but the pants. These were of delicious nankeens, but frequent cleansing had qualified their length to such a degree that it was only through the agency of straps that he could keep them down to where they belonged. Thus adorned, he waited until people had gone to church, and then started for the house. She met him at the door, as the rest of the folks were at church, and looked the pleasure she had felt at his coming. He was invited to step into the parlor while she went for a lamp. Confused, delighted and embarrassed, Jonathan opened a door and stepped briskly in.

There were two doors leading from the entry. One of them led into the parlor, and the other didn't. Jonathan stepped through the one that didn't, and went carcening into a very dark cellar. In the descent he struck against a pole where the farmer had hung a lot of ox-bows to dry, and, the pole losing its hold, dropped its contents upon the miserable wretch, and in his efforts to dodge them he stepped off the stairs with one leg, and soused into a barrel of some pulpy substance and the nankeens parted in a very disagreeable place, and the unhappy wearer crawled out and started on a mad gallop for a window way, which he regained without further trouble, and removing the sash, worked himself into the open air. Then he clutched that part of the nankeens which were wounded, and danced towards home. The young lady preparing the lamp in a back room was permitted to catch a glimpse of a flying figure in the moonlight. The next instant it was gone and never returned. Jonathan is still unwedded.

JOSH BILLINGSISMS.—When you cort a widder, you ought to do it with spurs on.

Akordin to skriptur thar will be about as menny cammils in heaven as rich men.

The meanest man i ever knu was the one who stole a sugar whissel from a nigger baby to sweetin a kup ov koffie with.

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
Friday Morning, - - - May 9, 1873.

Meeting of the County Democratic Executive Committee.

The members of the Democratic Executive Committee are requested to meet at the Court House in Ebensburg, on MONDAY, JUNE 2D, 1873, at 2 o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of fixing the time for holding the County Convention and transacting other business for the best interests of the party.

NATHANIEL HORNE,
Chairman Executive Committee.

The names of the members of the Committee are as follows: John S. Rhey, Ebensburg; John Buck, Carrolltown; John Durbin, Clearfield Twp.; Chas. O'Hagan, Gallitzin Twp.; John Farren, Washington Twp.; Henry Topper, Adams Twp.; Thos. Judge, Cambria Boro'; Jacob Zimmerman, Johnstown.

HON. JAMES L. ORR, of South Carolina, United States Minister to Russia, died at St. Petersburg on last Monday night. His death was unexpected. He was Speaker of the National House of Representatives from 1857 to 1859, and Governor of his own State from 1865 to 1868.

PHILETUS SAWYER, a radical member of Congress from Wisconsin, invested his extra pay, amounting to nearly $5,000, in U. S. bonds, and one day last week, in the presence of a number of his friends, *burnt them*, thus reducing the public debt to just that extent. Sawyer's unwillingffess to enrich himself at the people's expense is commendable, even though it comes a little late. If all the other Cohgressmen who took the "swag" would do as Sawyer has done, the reduction of the debt would amount to something handsome. Then, if Grant would do likewise with his $25,000 a year extra, the millenium might confidently be looked for.

HON. H. N. MCALLISTER, of Bellefonte, a delegate-at-large to the Constitutional Convention, died after a brief illness at his lodgings in Philadelphia, on last Monday. Mr. McAllister was a member of the bar and occupied a high rank in his profession. He was a public spirited citizen, and his loss will be sensibly felt in his own immediate locality. He was regarded, and justly too, as one of the ablest, most industrious and useful members of the convention. Two of the most prominent delegates to the convention have died suddenly—Col. Hopkins of Washington county during the winter and now Mr. McAllister.

THERE has not been any fighting at the lava beds since the 26th of April, when the Modocs so completely surprised and slaughtered Capt. Thomas and his command. Gen. Davis, who succeeds Gen. Canby, had arrived at headquarters, but does not intend commencing operations against Capt. Jack and his handful of braves, until he has fully studied the topography of the country. It is deeply humiliating that forty armed Indians should be able to defy the power of the government and baffle the skill of its military officers. It is not, however, so much to be wondered at, when we consider the peculiarities of the lava beds, within and on the skirts of which Capt. Jack conducts his wily operations. Army officers assert that forty Modocs in their present location are equal to two thousand men in a square, stand up fight.

"FOUR panels were left in the frescoing room by the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, with the understanding that they were to be filled by the portraits of four of the most eminent chairmen of that committee since the foundation of the government. These have finally been filled at the urgent request of Senator Cameron, but it has not been ascertained who made the selections. The portraits painted with this understanding are those of Cameron, Sumner, William Allen, of Ohio, and Henry Clay."

The Washington correspondent of a city paper furnishes the above interesting item of intelligence. All who are familiar with the disreputable public career of Simon Cameron will have no difficulty in ascribing to him this insult to the pride and intelligence of the American people. The circumstances connected with his elevation to the chairmanship of the most important and responsible committee of the Senate, that on Foreign Affairs, are too fresh to require repetition here. That he does not possess one single qualification for an intelligent discharge of the duties of the position is a humiliating fact. His total incompetency was made painfully manifest when the treaty of Washington was before the Senate for ratification or rejection. Cameron's incapacity to discuss and explain it was so well known and admitted by radical Senators, that in order to save the credit of the administration its ablest representative, Morton of Indiana, was selected to defend the treaty, and Cameron was compelled to hold his peace. And now this discarded Ex-Secretary of War, this corrupter of the politics of Pennsylvania, by the exercise of his usual trickery and brazen assurance, procures his Cassius-like portrait to be painted on the same panel in the Capitol along side of Clay, Allen, and Sumner. Henry Clay is dead and cannot therefore resent this insult to his great name and reputation, but Allen and Sumner are both living and must keenly feel the stigma. To place Simon Cameron on an equality with Clay, Allen, and Sumner, is about as preposterous as it would be to paint on a panel the portrait of John J. Patterson, of South Carolina, between those of Webster and Calhoun; or speaking in a heroic sense, to attempt to confer honor and renown on that greatest of military charlatans, Benjamin F. Butler, by sandwiching his sinister countenance between the expressive features of the great Napoleon and the iron Duke.

Some of Samuel Henry's Laws.

It has been the uniform practice of Samuel Henry, who has misrepresented this county in the Legislature for the last two years, to pass, or attempt to pass, every bill that was sent to him without consulting the people whose interests were to be affected by their enactment. He has been subservient in all his legislation, as applicable to this county, to the dictation of a few uneasy and restless radical politicians, aided and assisted by a small batch of guerrilla democrats. During the session of 1872, he passed his celebrated, but bungling, tax law without ever having received a single petition in its favor, and the first time the tax-payers of the county ever knew that such an Act had been in contemplation was when they read it in the papers of Ebensburg and Johnstown after the Legislature had adjourned. A decent respect for the wishes of his constituents would have suggested to him the propriety of at least first ascertaining their views in reference to a measure which so nearly concerned one of their most important interests. Mr. Henry, however, felt himself above all such trifling considerations and assumed the responsibility.

At the last session he engineered through both Houses a bill, not prepared by himself, but sent to him by some meddling and officious attorney, which requires the Prothonotary to mark on the margin of the docket opposite the original entry of an action, each separate item of that officer's fees. We do not know whether the bill has been signed by the Governor or not. It would simply result in compelling the tax-payers of the county, through the County Commissioners, to pay for almost double the number of records that are now found sufficient for the office—a consideration of no small magnitude. What was Samuel Henry's motive in passing this bill and unnecessarily multiplying the records in this particular office we confess that we cannot even conjecture. If a defendant in a judgment desires a bill of the particular items which go to make up the aggregate of the Prothonotary's fees, he has a legal right to demand it, and that officer is bound to furnish it. This Act of Assembly was therefore totally unnecessary, originating in *one* mind capacious of such things, and if carried out would entail a heavy expense on the county without any substantial benefit. Samuel Henry knows how to manage the affairs of a bank, for that is his business, but he is not presumed to know anything more about how the records in the Prothonotary's office should be made up than he does about the language of the Modoc Indians.

Heretofore, in this county, when a plaintiff instituted a suit in the Court of Common Pleas, the summons was made returnable by the Sheriff on the first day of the next term. Thus a summons issued by the Prothonotary, either during the March Court or afterwards, was made returnable on the first day of the June term. This long established practice, with which the people were all familiar, gave the defendant sufficient notice to enable him to employ counsel to appear for him on the record before the return day and contest the claim of the plaintiff, if there was any defence, or if not, it gave him a reasonable time to raise the money and liquidate the claim without any further controversy. But Mr. Henry, our "model legislator," whose "peculiar magnetism," to use the obsequious language of one of his daily home organs, is so wonderfully irresistible, saw proper at the last session, in the plenitude of his wisdom, to change all this by the passage of an act providing for what is called *monthly return days*. This bill, like the one in relation to the Prothonotary's fees, did not of course originate with *him*, but was sent to him by two or three of his legal friends, who demand a more speedy and summary process to squeeze money out of unfortunate but honest debtors. By this new-fangled arrangement, writs of summons may be made returnable on the first Monday of *each and every month*, or on the first day of the next term, as formerly, at the option of the plaintiff's attorney, who, on the return day specified, may direct the Prothonotary to enter judgment against the defendant for want of an appearance or affidavit of defence. This is what might emphatically be styled *short* and *sharp* practice, and "takes the starch right out" of a defendant, who, if a few weeks time were allowed him, as under the old form of procedure, would be able to see his way clear and be relieved from the terrors of a judgment and execution. Was there the slightest necessity for the passage of this act? If there was, we would like either that Mr. Henry or the man who wrote the bill would inform the people what it is.

These are some of the laws for which the constituents of Mr. Henry are indebted to him *at second hand*. The tax-payers of the county never knew or heard anything of the *first* until after the Governor had signed it; the *second* is visionary, impracticable and expensive to the county, and the *last* was concocted by a cabal of attorneys of the Shylock school, who are ever eagerly intent in the swift and remorseless pursuit of their coveted *pound of flesh* according to the stipulation in the bond.

YESTERDAY morning's daily papers contain the announcement of the death from apoplexy of Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase, which occurred at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Hoyt, in New York, on Wednesday morning. His age was 65 years and 4 months. No space for omments this week.

CAPTAIN JACK and his scalawag associates have evidently evacuated the lava beds and gone—dear knows where.

A Palpable Hit.

Gen. John A. Garfield, who represents the Western Reserve (Ohio) district in Congress, voted for the extra pay swindle. For having done so, his constituents have raised a perfect storm of indignation about his head and demand his resignation. He addressed a long letter to them in reply, the following concluding extract from which we reproduce from our last issue in order to make a few editorial comments thereon:

"If the delegates believe the retroactive salary clause is so infamous that I ought to resign for voting for the appropriation bill to which it was attached, will they follow out their logic and insist that the President ought to resign for signing it? My vote did not make it a law. *His signature did.*"

This is what is called the *argumentum ad hominem*, and hits the nail square on the head. Although the members who voted for the increase or back pay section, which was cunningly inserted in the general appropriation bill, and thus plundered the treasury to the extent of more than *a million and a half of dollars*, deserve to be held up to public execration, Grant's agency in consummating the fraud was even greater than theirs. Repeating his well remembered lobby operations in the disgraceful San Domingo job, he exerted all his personal influence, both in the House and Senate, to make this extra pay iniquity a success. The same bill *doubled* his own salary, and true to his instinctive avarice and greed, he jumped at it with the same eagerness that a hungry trout dashes at a baited hook in the early spring.

What President, from Washington down to the predecessor of the present gift-taker in the White House, would have signed a bill putting annually into his pocket $25,000 of the people's money in addition to the sum the law allowed him and which he had agreed to take? Would Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, or Lincoln, poor as they were, have so lowered their high office or so compromised their nice sense of personal honor and official integrity? Apella, the Jew, may believe it, but no American will.

The pretext, or apology, set up for Grant by his friends is that he was compelled either to sign the appropriation bill, of which this extra pay steal was a part, or permit the wheels of government suddenly to stop. This argument is very shallow, and is not worth a row of pins. If Grant could have divested himself of his inordinate love of money and promptly vetoed the bill, as any *other* President would have done, and if, when he sent the bill back to the House with his objections he had expressed his disapprobation of this particular portion of it and condemned the back pay clause in plain and emphatic language, the same bill, with its objectionable features stricken out, could and would have been passed through Congress in a single day, and the reputation of the country and its chief executive officer been preserved untarnished.

We trust that the constituents of John A. Garfield, as well as the constituents of every other member, radical or democrat, who by his vote contributed to this open and unprecedented robbery, will visit upon him and them the full measure of their just and indignant wrath.

THE last Congress struck a mean and serious blow at the press of the country, which at the time it was pending, should have raised a perfect storm of opposition all over the land. But on the contrary it hardly excited a ripple on the surface of the great ocean of public opinion. In abolishing the franking privilege, which had been outrageously abused, and grown to be a nuisance, Congress also abolished the free exchange of newspapers. As the time approaches for the law to go into force, we notice that our cotemporaries are waking up to the enormity of the outrage which has been perpetrated upon the press of the entire country. The Harrisburg State Journal, noticing this matter, says:

There was no greater outrage ever committed by Congress than that which defeated the free exchange of newspapers through the mails. It was done as a piece of revenge because the press almost unanimously advocated the repeal of the franking privilege, which so incensed Congressmen, that they retaliated by repealing the free exchange of newspapers through the mails. The newspapers of the large cities, which enjoy the advantage of immense patronage, encouraged this repeal, hoping thereby to break down country newspapers, and thus give them a wider field of monopoly. It was only rare exceptions where this was not done. The Philadelphia Press, from the first, opposed the repeal, and did all in its power to prevent the outrage, but it was unavailing. Now let the country press unite, and there is no doubt the next Congress will do what is right and proper on this subject. It will only require a plain statement to re-establish the free exchange of newspapers through the mails.

—A terrible accident occurred Sunday afternoon at the bridge being erected over Lamine river, on the northeastern extension of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad, fourteen miles from Sedalia, Mo. The false work erected for facilitating the construction of the bridge sank into the quicksands upon which it rested, carrying with it the bridge timbers and twelve workmen, precipitating all into the river. It is believed that Wm. M. Cancy, Peter Conners, and Harry Lynch were killed outright, and eight others wounded, two of whom are not expected to recover. Lynch was a married man and came from Hart, Mich. The bodies were taken to Sedalia last night, where an inquest was held, and the verdict was that the insecure foundation of the false work was the cause of death.

—James Cullen, or Collins, who murdered Deputy Sheriff Hayden and Thos. Hubbard in a camp near Mapleton, Me., a few nights since, was taken from the officers who arrested him, by a gang of masked men, and lynched. Cullen is said to have previously murdered a lawyer in New Brunswick. Before he was lynched he confessed his crime, and said he regretted that he had not killed the two other men in the camp, and also his own wife and child.

The President's Wanderings.

Congress adjourned two months ago, and the President has been absent from the capital more than half the time since then, in search of personal pleasure and gratification, without giving a thought to the urgent demands of official business, or manifesting the least concern for the high trusts which are unfortunately committed to his keeping. Incompetent as he notoriously is to fill the great office which he merely occupies, his constant and culpable neglect of the most ordinary duties renders this inefficiency not only glaring, but seriously injurious to the public interests. And it is not redeemed by the slightest effort to satisfy public opinion.

Gen. GRANT regards and treats the Presidency as a perquisite and pension for his military services. He has never risen and never can rise to an appreciation of its dignity and duty, from the want of education, training, and taste. A stranger to the anxieties which the disturbed condition of affairs naturally excites, without elevation of thought or practical outlook, he seeks recreation among congenial minds, and finds fellowship with those who worship power and flatter the low infirmities of its possessor. He considers his re-election as an approval by the people of all his acts and omissions, and the doubling of his salary—which he indecently urged in person—as a recognition by Congress of unrewarded merit.

Thus fortified in his own estimation, he defies opinion, disregards criticism, and treats with scornful indifference public questions upon the happy settlement of which the peace and prosperity of the country may be said to materially depend.

The President is directly responsible for the anarchy which exists in Louisiana today. Without his official aid, intervention, and authority, there would be order and harmony. After a fair popular vote had rejected the corrupt faction, which was only upheld by Federal patronage dispensed through the hands of the notorious CASEY, the President entered the State with military force, dispossessed the chosen authorities, and installed the vile crew upon whom the people had passed judgment of the sternest reprobation. He did all this wilfully, and to sustain his own brother-in-law in usurpation and outrage.

And when this criminal interference culminated, as was easy to foresee it would do, in new aggressions on the part of the protected plunderers and resistance on the part of the oppressed people, that President, instead of striving to correct his former errors and to do partial justice to a community which he had revengefully trampled under foot, leaves the responsibility with his subordinates, tells them to send more bayonets, and starts out upon a journey of amusement. He cares not a fig for the suffering people of Louisiana. He does not see how the destroyed commerce of New Orleans reacts harmfully upon New York and other great markets; nor does he heed the mutterings of the storm which threaten destruction, unless there be more wisdom in the conduct of national affairs.

While the President is indulging his passion for diversion and enjoyment, and violating all propriety by such unseemly trifling, the telegraphic wires from the Pacific coast are weighed down with the cries of the wounded and dying, as well as with the grief of survivors, whose kindred and friends have been made the victims of Executive incapacity and negligence. At such a time as this, when every thought and energy should be strained to protect the exposed settlers in Oregon and California, and every resource of experience employed to make this little contest—for war it can hardly be yet called, though it may soon become so—short, sharp, and decisive, the President is junketing round the country, seeing sights, and snuffing in the incense burnt by his official satellites.—That is his occupation as commander-in-chief of the army and navy, while the lives of gallant soldiers are daily sacrificed by scores to defend what has been boastfully called the President's policy.

If Gen. GRANT has any usefulness at all in the Presidential office, it ought to be in the direction of military matters and in the treatment of Indians. Previous to his involuntary retirement from the army as Capt. GRANT he had been stationed in Oregon, and had had experience and relations with the Indians which ought to be of some value in this emergency. But whether that past contact be useful or not, the absence of the President from Washington in the presence of existing facts is a shame and a scandal which deserves universal rebuke. It not only evinces his stolid indifference to duty, but a heartless absence of feeling which justly provokes popular indignation. And as a fitting pendant upon the President's wandering, the Secretary of War, who at least ought to be at his post, has been amusing himself for several weeks past upon an excursion to Texas, while the Modocs have murdered one of our foremost generals, and in combat slaughtered more than their whole number of our troops. These are public functionaries who have had their pay enormously augmented, and this is their manner of requiting that mistaken generosity.—*N. Y. Sun.*

THE REMEDY FOR CONSUMPTION.—We do not speak now of the first cough, which so many people neglect; we do not speak of the sputa streaked with blood which warns of danger; nor yet of the chilliness and weakening night sweats, sure harbingers of a once fatal disease, but we speak of the thing itself—Consumption in its direst form, which Dr. Keyser has often, and is now weekly and monthly, curing with his extraordinary medicine, known as Lung Cure. Dr. Keyser's Lung Cure has become as justly celebrated for the cure of Consumption as Quinine ever was for the cure of ague. No weakening, blood impoverishing medicine, but a builder up and strengthener of the human constitution, in a vast class of chronic diseases, which Dr. K. has treated successfully for years, among which Consumption is the chief. Get the Doctor's essay free, at his office, 167 Liberty street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Price of Lung Cure, $1.50 per bottle, or $7.50 per half dozen.

—Mr. Peter Butcher, of Evansville, Ind., has a little boy, five years old, who has slept almost constantly for three months. The child was first attacked by a pain in his foot, and this was soon succeeded by violent spasms, which were followed by paralysis. When the spasms passed off, the little fellow went to sleep and continued to sleep until roused by violent shaking, or until the spasms returned. He takes such nourishment as the physicians prescribe for him, and does not seem to have wasted in flesh. He has lost the power of speech, and, in fact, seems to have no control over his muscles except that when roused he opens his eyes.

—The N. York *Sun* thinks the discovered rascalities of the Vienna Commissioners are only of a piece with the rest of Grant's administration. It says, men and newspapers affect to turn up their eyes at the exposure of this cheating in the matter of pea-nut stands at Vienna, who are stone blind to the monstrous villainy constantly going on among high officials at home.—It concludes that our big robbers at Washington cannot hope to condone their own offences by hammering the heads of their two-penny imitators at Vienna.

Frightful Calamity in Illinois.

A BRIDGE GIVES WAY, PRECIPITATING SEVERAL HUNDRED PERSONS INTO THE RIVER—TERRIBLE LOSS OF LIFE.

CHICAGO, May 5.—An appalling calamity occurred yesterday at Dixon, Ill., about one hundred miles west of this city, by which it is believed almost one hundred persons lost their lives. A large number of people had assembled on the banks of Rock river to witness the baptism of about a dozen converts, by Rev. J. H. Pratt, Baptist minister. Some three hundred had gathered on the bridge, an iron structure of the Truesdell pattern, five hundred feet long, when suddenly a span gave way, and nearly two hundred were precipitated into the water twenty feet below and about six feet deep. The scene that followed baffles description. The most frantic efforts were made by those on the shore to rescue the struggling victims, some of whom were drawn out by the hair and by the limbs, and every effort made to resuscitate them. The general estimate of the number of lost amounts to from ninety to one hundred. As stated, thirty-one bodies were recovered from the wreck before dark. Five other bodies floated down past those engaged at the wreck, and have not yet been recovered. There are therefore supposed to be at least fifty bodies still unfound, most of whom, it is thought, are under the wreck of the bridge. The bridge was of iron of the Truesdell pattern and had five spans elevated about twenty feet above the water, which at this point is from fifteen to twenty feet. Only two spans—the end spans—fell. The three middle spans are still standing, but in such a condition that it is thought they will fall when the wreck of the end spans is cleared away. Workmen are busy putting in place derricks with which to raise the fallen spans, and making arrangements

TO SECURE THE BODIES BENEATH.

It is now stated that there were nearly three hundred people on the bridge at the time of the accident, and more succeeded in escaping than was at first feared at the time of the accident. The most of the people were gathered at either end of the structure, though a large number were near the center. Some of the latter remained where they were when the crash came, and were afterward taken off by boats. Several men jumped from their precarious resting place into the river and swam ashore. Two horses and buggies were standing on the middle spans, and are still there, there being no way to take them off. There were a number of

REMARKABLE ESCAPES OF CHILDREN,

of whom there were probably not less than fifty on the bridge when it went down. One little fellow, about thirteen years old, was caught by both feet in the iron rigging of one of the fallen spans and had one of his legs broken. He managed by sheer strength to pull one of his boots off, tearing the sole of in the process, then coolly taking out his knife ripped the other boot from the foot of the wounded leg, and then, crippled as he was, swam ashore. Two little girls, sisters, were standing side by side and went down together; as they reached the water the oldest caught the other by her dress with one hand and with the other clung to a portion of the iron work, and held fast to it up to her neck in the icy water until they were both taken off by a boat.

Specials received here to-night are replete with incidents attendant on the fearful calamity, but add little to the main facts already telegraphed. The number still known to be missing, added to those whose bodies have already been recovered, makes the list of killed seventy-five. The wounded, two of whom (Mrs. Alexander and Mrs. Vann) have since died, number thirty-two.

STILL LATER.

DIXON, ILL., May 6.—For two days the city has been in mourning for its dead—victims of the disaster of Sunday. For two days the funeral bells have been tolling almost hourly, and new made graves have almost hourly raised their mournful hillocks in the cemetery.

The fallen bridge has been partially raised and some forty bodies in all removed. It is believed that at least twelve or thirteen are yet in the water. The wounded are doing well.

The accident was caused by the people crowding all to one side of the bridge; a cap-stringer parted, so, the structure being of the kind that when one part gave away the whole would, all was precipitated into the water beneath.

"EVERY DISEASE HAS ITS REMEDY."—Upon this broad *fact* is founded the whole art and science of medicine.

That every disease has its *curable* stage under proper treatment, there can be no doubt.

That they have their incurable *stage*, under any treatment, may be equally true.

The curable period is during the early part of the disease, of course; the incurable being the advanced condition—the last stage.

To know the precise nature, *extent* and locality of the disease is of the first importance in the treatment of any case.

This is precisely the reason given by Drs. Oldshue, of Pittsburgh, for bringing into requisition the Microscope, Test-tube, Urinometer, and all the chemical apparatus for the scientific examination of the urine in all chronic and complicated cases.

The long afflicted have not been slow to appreciate these scientific aids, and the consequence is, their office is one continued throng of patients, from all parts of the country, seeking the advantage of their skill in diagnosis.

A knowledge of the appropriate remedy, however, is quite important, as without the remedy no advantage would be gained by knowing the disease.

Every disease has its remedy. This is verified in the fact that different medicines spend their action upon different parts of the human system.

As each particular disease spends its principal baneful action upon a certain organ or tissue of the body, according to its peculiar nature, so each particular remedy spends its medicinal action upon a certain organ or tissue, according to its medicinal qualities.

Having a knowledge of the true nature of the case, as also of the appropriate remedy, the next matter of importance is its proper preparation and application.

This should be carefully attended to, and, as far as practicable, all medicines should be examined by the physician before being put into the hands of the patient or nurse.

This is done in the office of Drs. Oldshue, before mentioned.

All their medicines are compounded and their prescriptions filled by their own special direction, and under their own supervision.

No Medicines are passed from their prescriptions but through their hands.

—Rev. Dr. M. A. Corrigan was consecrated Bishop of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Newark, N. J., in the cathedral of that city on Sunday last. Archbishop McCloskey was consecrator. There were present Archbishop Bailey and fifteen Bishops, besides "a host" of priests and seminarians. The sermon was preached by Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester. One hundred and fifty choristers participated in the Mass of ordination, Mozart's Twelfth being the one selected for the occasion. Many of the best vocalists from New York and Philadelphia were among the performers.

News and Political Items.

—Archbishop Bailey is lying quite ill at the Episcopal residence, Newark, New Jersey.

—Daniel Howe was the first man killed in the war of the rebellion. He was killed at Fort Sumter, in 1861.

—Stokes has been refused a new trial by the Supreme Court of New York, and with that refusal goes his last hope for life.

—Albert N. Smith, convicted of the murder of Charles N. Sackett, at Westfield, Mass., has been sentenced to be hanged.

—A runaway team in Scranton, on Tuesday, ran over three little girls, injuring one of them fatally, and the other two quite seriously.

—A Louisville woman who has lived with a man for twelve years and presented him with five children now sues him for breach of promise.

—Henry Ossian Flipper Phœbus has been appointed to a cadetship at West Point from Georgia. He is an American citizen of African descent.

—Speaking of the movements against the Modocs the *Herald* says: In other words, a nation of forty millions is absolutely powerless in the face of fifty or sixty scalawag Indian desperadoes.

—A young girl was married in San Francisco, recently, and at the conclusion of the ceremony turned to her husband with the words, "Kiss me, George, I am dying." The next moment she fell dead at the altar.

—A boy twelve years of age, named Isaac Hummel, who resided in Schuylkill county, hung himself to the limb of an apple tree in his step-father's orchard a few days ago. Alleged ill treatment is said to have been the cause.

—Captain P. M. Henry, grandson of Patrick Henry, died in Washington on Sunday. He had been a man of means, but was reduced by the war, and at the time of his death was a watchman in the Treasury Department.

—Lucy King, of Fond du Lac, became engaged to six young farmers, and on a certain day called them all together and told them to fight for her hand. She married the remnant of a man who was left standing at the conclusion of the contest.

—Triplets recently born in Ripon, Missouri, weighed altogether six pounds.—The nurse can make a ring of her thumb and forefinger and slip it over the body of either of them. They are too small to be dressed, and are kept wrapped up in cotton.

—One of the oldest churches in Western Pennsylvania is located near Brady's Bend. It is a small log structure, was built by the Catholics in 1808, and is still used for religious services, the new church having been burnt down soon after being completed.

—Thirty years ago a man living near La Crosse sold a pair of boots for a gun, traded the gun for a pony, sold the pony for thirty acres of swamp land, and now owns sixty-six city lots worth $700 each. Be sure to sell a pair of boots for a gun thirty years ago.

—How strange the coincidence, that one disaster is apt to be followed by another of a similar nature. The breaking down of the bridge at Dixon is followed by a similar disaster at Sedalia, Missouri. Both are terrible in their suddenness, and in the number of lives that were lost.

—Oakes Ames was attacked with paralysis at four o'clock Monday evening, at residence in North Easton, Mass., and his physicians have but slight hopes of his recovery. His system has been weakened by a kidney trouble of five years' existence, which threatens to terminate in Bright's disease. Ames is sixty-nine years of age.

—A hundred armed policemen with a piece of artillery recently left New Orleans to install Kellogg officers in one of the parishes of Louisiana. No question is made as to the legality of the election of these men. They are to be forced into place by rifles and cannon. That is the Kellogg programme, and President Grant upholds Kellogg.

—Henry M. Smith, the wealthy New York banker, is building a new steam yacht, which will have accommodations for twenty passengers and a full crew, and is expected, next summer, to make a voyage across the Atlantic and up the Mediterranean. It is to cost $350,000, and a $1,700 piano is being constructed for the grand saloon.

—On Saturday evening last, a little son of Mr. Christian Buterbagh, of Ayr township, Fulton county, met with an accident which resulted in his death. He was in a field where his father's sheep were grazing, and one of them, a vicious buck, attacked the lad, butting him in the breast several times. He suffered intensely until the next day, when he died.

—A great calamity has fallen on the town of Piscobamba, South America, caused by a land slide from the neighboring mountain. Forty-four houses were destroyed, and thirty-six persons perished.—The great mass which destroyed the town also dammed up the river and the destructive effects of an inundation were expected to be added to the other misfortunes.

—On Saturday afternoon a week Senators Davis, Graham and Rutan, commissioners to the Vienna exposition, embarked on the steamship Parthia for Europe, and on Saturday last, according to a telegram received by Mrs. Senator Davis from her husband, they arrived at Liverpool, making the voyage in the unprecedentedly rapid time of seven days. The nearest approach to this feat was the speed made by a steamship several months ago—crossing the Atlantic in seven days and about seventeen hours.

—A Pittsburgh firm—Messrs. Rogers & Burchfield,—claims to have discovered a process by which they can make the famous Russian sheet iron. The latter is made in Siberia by a secret process which no other nation has hitherto been able to obtain. The British Government has offered $50,000 for its discovery, but even the stimulus of that large sum has failed to achieve the result. American enterprise and ingenuity have accomplished it, and Pittsburgh, it is said, can now furnish all common markets with Russian sheet iron at even lower prices than the Russians themselves. The process has been patented.

—The name Atlantic has proved ill-fated to many a noble vessel which has borne it. The Cleveland *Herald* notes the following instances of disaster: The steamer Atlantic was lost on Long Island Sound, with nearly all on board; the steamboat Atlantic was sunk on Lake Erie, opposite Silver Creek, in 1862, by a collision with the propeller Ogdensburg, and went down in half an hour, carrying with her two hundred and fifty out of five hundred passengers; the river steamer Atlantic exploded her boiler, causing the loss of two hundred lives, on the Mississippi; the East Indiaman Atlantic was lost off the coast of Malabar, with all on board.

—A remarkable case in dentistry is mentioned by the New Brunswick (N. J.) Times, of a citizen of that town, who, after the extraction of a tooth with which he had been long tormented, but in which the only part apparently unsound was so minute as not to admit the insertion of a delicate needle, discovered on cracking it with a hammer that it was a mere shell in which lived a nondescript six-legged bug, which ran briskly about the table on being released from its prison. As the gentleman is confident that the animal could not have made its way through the perforation from without, he considers this a clear case of spontaneous generation.

New Advertisements

HENRY WARD BEECHER'S Paper—Its circulation in the world greatest because it is the best paper, and contains the most LIBERAL TERMS. Scribner's most beautiful periodicals, and the most popular. J. B. FORD & CO., New York, Chicago, or San Francisco.

We Want an Agent—In this township to canvass for the most reliable and fast selling book by living author. The Science of a New Life—Recommended and endorsed by 1,000 ministers, physicians, religious and secular papers. No other book like it. Agents report a big week guaranteed. Address for circulars, etc., COWAN & CO., 139 Eighth St., New York.

CAMPHORINE—PAIN! PAIN! PAIN! The Great Remedy for the relief of pain and a sure cure for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, chronic and acute. Sprains, Bruises, etc. It has a pleasant and refreshing odor, does not grease or stain the most delicate fabric, which makes it a luxury in every family. Only 25 cents per bottle. For sale by druggists. REUBEN HOYT, Proprietor, New York.

A MECHANICAL CURIOSITY—CATCH ALIVE MOUSE TRAP. DEITZ, Patentee, 54 and 56 Beekman St., New York.

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!—AGENTS WANTED for the FIGHTING FIRE. A new book just out. Acknowledged by the press to be the best work of the kind ever published. Agents are selling from 10 to 20 per day. Sells at sight. Everybody wants it. Fortunes are being made by the enterprising agents. Send for circulars and see our extra terms. Address, HUBBARD BROS. & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED for the GREAT CENTENNIAL BOOK. Agents are selling from 10 to 20 per day. Sells at sight. Everybody wants it. Fortunes are being made by the enterprising agents. Send for circulars and see our extra terms. Address, HUBBARD BROS. & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Moth-Proof Safes—CEDAR lined, moth-proof, and perfect preservation of furs, woolens, clothing, etc. Four different sizes. Prices within the reach of all. For sale, wholesale and retail. No. 921 CHESTNUT St., Philadelphia. A liberal discount to the trade.

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AGENTS WANTED for the Home of God's People—The grandest and most successful book out. Acknowledged by the press to be the success of the year. Now selling with unprecedented rapidity. It contains over 200 fine Engravings. Splendid opportunity for agents to make money. Circulars, containing full particulars and terms, free. Address, DUSTIN, GILMAN & CO., Hartford, Conn.

WANTED—Agents to sell our NEW PICTURES. 18,000 sold in 10 days. Send stamp. WHITNEY & CO., Boston.

AGENTS WANTED for the Illustrated Book, "WILD FAR WEST." Thirty years with the Indians, in the Mexican Wars, Expeditions against Apaches. Fine chance for selling rapidly. THE BOOK of the day. Address WILEY, WATERMAN & Co., Hartford.

NUMEROUS TESTS HAVE PROVED N. F. Burnham's New Turbine WATER WHEEL TO BE THE BEST EVER OFFERED. PAMPHLET FREE. Address

UTICA STEAM ENGINE CO.—(FORMERLY WOOD & MILLER.) STATIONARY & PORTABLE Steam Engines. The Best & Most Complete Line in the Market.

These Engines have always maintained the highest standard of excellence in the manufacture of Engines, Boilers etc., a specialty. We have the largest and best works of the kind in the country, which are specially adapted to the work.

We keep constantly in process of construction Engines, which we furnish at the lowest rates and on the shortest notice. We also manufacture specially adapted to Mines, Saw Mills, Tanneries, Cotton Gins, Threshers and Separators of manufacturing.

We are now building the celebrated Circular Saw Mill, the best and most complete ever invented.

We make the manufacture of Saw Mills a special feature of our business, and can furnish complete on the shortest notice.

Our aim in all cases is to furnish machinery in the market, and warrant our work equaled for beauty of design, workmanship and durability.

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UTICA STEAM ENGINE CO., UTICA, N. Y.

WAGES—FOR ALL WHO ARE WILLING—Any person, old or young, can make from $10 to $30 per week or more in the evening. Wanted by all. Send address. City or Country, and any one can do the work. This is a rare opportunity for those out of work, and out of money, to become independent living. No outfit required. Send for pamphlet "HOW TO MAKE WAGES," giving full instructions, sent by mail for 25 cents. Address, A. BURTON & CO., Box 5300, Westchester Co., N. Y.

WEST'S IMPROVED PATENT LIGHTNING RODS—THE BEST IN THE WORLD—Always the premium Pumps; will throw more water and highly appreciated. A pump for all purposes, engine in one. Anti-freezing, simple, durable, good for wells or oil tests, and throwing water for all purposes. West's square tube Lightning Rods, the best and cheapest. Circulars with price lists free. J. D. West & Co., 48 Beekman St., New York.

THE NEW ELASTIC TRUSS—*portant Invention.* It retains the rupture at all times, and under the hardest exercise or severest strain. It is worn with perfect ease night and day, effects a permanent cure in a few weeks. Sold cheap and sent by mail when requested. Circulars free. Call or send by letter sent to the Elastic Truss Co., 683 Broadway, N. Y. City. Also Abdominal and Spring Trusses; too painful to be worn by ladies frequently.

The Beckwith $20 Portable Sewing Machine, on 30 Days' Trial—many advantages over all. Satisfaction guaranteed, or $20 refunded. Sent with Sewing Machine full directions. Beckwith Sewing Machine Co., 862 Broadway, New York.

The Parlor Companion—Every lady wants one! Every Man ought to have one! Sent on receipt of Ten Cents. Address RYDE & CO., 195 Seventh Avenue, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED everywhere to sell the Universal Embroidering Machine. Illustrated Circular free. Manufacturing Company, New York.

BON-TON FLIRTATION sent on receipt of 25 cts. Publishing House, 36 Vesey St.

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Ebensburg, Pa.,

Friday, - - - - - - May 9, 1873.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—Cold and drizzling rain yesterday.—When will Spring get around this way?

—A Johnstown mule threw a lad named Amfant, on Tuesday, and broke one of his arms.

—The *Herald* man saw one of our citizens coming into town with a nice string of trout—and didn't hook 'em.

—The dwelling of Mr. Collins Hamer, in West township, Huntingdon county, was burned on the 25th ult. Loss $1,000.

—A French roof, with a small f, is to be put on the Mountain House, this place, ere long. That's what we found out by reading the *Herald*.

—Mr. Samuel Foster, of Ironsville, who was injured in the foot by the cars, near Tyrone, on the 19th ult., died of gangrene on Tuesday last.

—A new-born infant was found in a pool of water in Catharine township, this county, on Monday morning week. Suicide no doubt.

—Mr. A. P. W. Johnston, of Huntingdon, has been appointed chief of a corps of engineers to lay out a railroad route from Johnstown to Bedford.

—The attention of parents and others interested is directed to the card of Miss Sarah Evans, who designs opening a select school on Monday next.

—James A. Newman, a brakeman on the Pennsylvania Railroad, had one of his legs badly injured while attempting to couple cars at Derry on Saturday.

—Insanity has been frightfully on the increase in Johnstown since the *Voice* commenced the publication of the imports and exports to and from that point.

—The roof of Isaac Crawford's residence was slightly damaged by fire Wednesday morning. As is sometimes said about elections, "everything passed off quietly."

—Tobias Ashe has been appointed Postmaster at Hemlock, Nicholas Lambourne Nicktown, Barr township, and Jacob Myer at St. Lawrence, Chest township, all this county.

—Judge Hall, of Bedford, won't preside in special court, the Altoona *Tribune* to the contrary notwithstanding. Cause there ain't going to be any special court. See notice to jurors.

—The store of Elijah Bricker, at Grapeville Station, was burned on Monday night, about 11 o'clock. The most of the goods were saved. Supposed to have caught from a spark of a locomotive.

—John Fields is prepared to furnish photographs in the best style of the art, six for $1. Rooms in the rear of his father's residence, High street, West Ward, Ebensburg. Give John a call.‡

—Rev. *Henry L.* Chapman, of Steubenville, O., brother of our County Superintendent, will preach in the Calvinistic Methodist church on next Sabbath. Services at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M.

—Don't forget the Alleghanians, Vocalists and Swiss Bell Ringers, at the Court House on Monday night next. They are songsters and accomplished artists, and no one should fail to hear them.

—A yoke belonging to Col. Worrall, of Cresson, between Clearfield and Curwensville, occupied by Samuel Bloom, was burned by fire on Sunday night, Mr. Bloom and his family barely escaping.

—A Pa. R. R. brakeman named Murphy was swept from his train by the tunnel at Duncansburg, on Monday evening last, and was shot terribly crushed and several severe contusions on the head were the result.

—Our firemen friends will have to bear with us a little longer in the matter of publishing a catalogue of their books. If we can only manage to do it next week they may consider themselves at liberty to bring around "der beer" and put us out.

—Our Presbyterian friends are busy renovating their house of worship. It is to be frescoed, papered, carpeted, and otherwise ornamented interiorily. During the time required for repairs the congregation will meet with the Calvinistic Methodists.

—Messrs. John Garman, of this place, and Fred. Vowinkel, of Johnstown, have a steam saw-mill in process of erection near the present terminus of the Bell's Gap railroad. They expect it to be ready for the manufacturing of lumber in a few days.

—Mr. S. M. Brophy, son of T. Brophy, a well known and much esteemed in this locality, has been promoted to the position of chief clerk to John Reilly, Esq't of Transportation, Altoona—an appointment eminently fit to have been made.

—The farm on which Mr. Clark Thompson now resides, in White township, Indiana county, was first located and occupied in 1784, and the farm of James Moorhead, who has taken up in 1769; and he didn't have any centennial celebration or legislative appropriation either.

—There is a man living in Johnstown, who has lived there for twenty years, sound mind and active bodily health, who has never ridden on a railroad nor been inside a railroad car. Presume he has a decided objeet to being *car-ride* to his grave when death overtakes him.

—Look out for Dr. Hoffman in Carrolltown to-morrow, and on the 10th of each month thereafter. The Doctor is a skillful man and always reasonable in his charges, although he is by no means a sullen man—he takes great delight in looking "down in the mouth" of a customer.

—Philip Crook, aged 20 years, and John Linn, aged 17, have both died of spotted fever since our last issue—the former in this township, on Monday morning after twenty hours' illness, and the latter in Chest township, on Saturday, after a sickness of only ten hours duration.

—The body of Mr. Thomas Weston, who was drowned in Trout Run, Clearfield county, April 7th, was recovered on the 30th ult. It had lain in the water twenty-three days, and when taken out was so little decomposed that no difficulty whatever was experienced in identifying the remains.

—The young man Boylan, whose arrest for cutting open a mail-bag at Cresson, and other alleged offences, we noticed several weeks ago, was, on Wednesday last, found guilty, in the U. S. District Court at Pittsburgh, of the crime above named, but the latest advices had not received his sentence.

—The Bedford *Gazette*, in referring to the suggestion that Stewart, convicted of the theft of Conductor Bowser's watch, was innocent, and that Long, convicted at the present session of the Huntingdon court of robbery from the cars of the H. & B. T. road, was the real thief, says that Stewart admitted his guilt after sentence.

—A large steer belonging to Mr. John Taylor died of a severe attack of gravel—not on the Branch road, on Wednesday afternoon last. He attempted to butt the engine off the track, but instead got himself knocked out of existence. If he had it to do over again, no doubt he would *steer* clear of such an antagonist as a locomotive under full headway.

—It is with real pleasure that we record the promotion of our young friend and subscriber, Mr. John Dickey, a Johnstown lad, late of Cresson, from the position of ticket agent and telegraph operator at Hollidaysburg to that of clerk in the Motive Power Department at Altoona. No railroad official or any other man ever "put through" a nicer Dickey.

—A man named Teddy is reported to have been found at Iron Bridge, on the Mount Pleasant and Broad Ford railroad, Westmoreland county, on last Monday morning, buried in the sand along the creek. He was seen during the previous week, in company with other parties, in an intoxicated condition, and it is supposed he was murdered by them.

—A young man named Mathew Fagan, an employee on the ballast train and a resident of Gallitzin, this county, attempted to jump off the train at that point while it was in motion, on Tuesday evening last, but failing to clear the track, was run over and had one of his legs mangled in a terrible manner. The limb was amputated, but it is believed that his life can be saved.

—Mr. John Parke, of Johnstown, he of marble manufacturing renown, has bought out his late partner, Mr. Levergood, and is now playing a lone hand. He has also pulled up stakes in Loretto and confines his operations entirely to the manufacture of monuments, tombstones, etc., at his works in Johnstown. Mr. P. is a fair and square man, and never fails to give entire satisfaction in the quality and price of his work.

—Daniel Amhiser, convicted at Hollidaysburg last week of murder in the second degree, for killing Jas. Estep, at Williamsburg, Blair county, on the 21st of February last, has been sentenced to eight years' imprisonment in the Western Penitentiary, and Hill, *alias* Myers, a self-confessed incendiary who plead not guilty when brought up for trial, has been awarded a two years' term in the same institution.

—It may be noted as a somewhat singular coincidence that a huge rock rolled down from a hill and on to the railroad track near Ninebeh Station, on Saturday night last, and that Samuel Hill, watchman on that division, discovered the obstruction and signaled the Philadelphia Express east just in time to bring it to a stand still within ten feet of the rock. Result—a lot of gratified passengers and $65 in the pocket of the last named Hill.

—Cham. Roberts' beautiful glass front, or rather the beautiful glass front in Cham. Roberts' elegant store room, the construction of which has for several days past excited the open-mouthed curiosity of our devil, and several others of that ilk, is about receiving the finishing touches, and is beyond question the finest thing of the kind Cambria county can boast of at present writing—a handsome monument to the good taste and public spirit of our energetic townsman, a glory to his establishment, and a credit to Ebensburg. In the language of "Po Yang," when we know more we shall say more.

—We are sorry to learn that our friend and patron, Mr. Sam'l A. Shoemaker, of Carroll township, had the misfortune to fracture his right leg while engaged in harrowing one of his fields, on Saturday morning last. The harrow caught in the root of a stump, and in the effort to dislodge it the horses jerked the implement loose with such force as to cause it to strike and injure Mr. S. in the manner stated. Considering that the inclemency of the weather has already retarded farming operations to an unusual extent, this mishap is peculiarly unfortunate, but in view of the fact that an O'Hara has made Sam happy for life, we trust that he will look with something akin to complacency on this painful peculiarity of a harrow.

—Some days ago, the Johnstown *Voice* announced with entire confidence that Col. Jacob M. Campbell would be elected Representative Delegate from this county to the Radical State Convention. As the editor of that paper claims to know by intuition the future political events of this county, we of course believed what he said. But in his paper of Wednesday last he goes squarely back on Col. Campbell and plainly expresses the opinion that Capt. Thomas Davis, of this place "is the man." By way of adding insult to injury, he advises Col. C. to *withdraw* in Capt. D.'s favor, and with refreshing coolness tells the Colonel that he could be elected *provided there was no opposition to him.* In the language o' Squeers, "Here's richness for you!"

HORRIBLE TRAGEDY.—A BOY KILLED BY A COMPANION.—Near what is known as Moccasin Hollow, in Mt. Pleasant township north, was the scene of a horrible crime on Thursday afternoon. A boy named George Shaum, aged about ten years, was murdered by his companion. It appears that George was sent to a store some distance off for sugar, and some medicines for his mother, and after he had been at the store and purchased the articles he started for home, but never reached there alive. The family did not suspect that anything had befallen their little boy until late in the evening, when he failed to return. They then set out for their neighbors in search of him, but to their astonishment the boy had not been there, and the only information they could gain was from one of the neighbor's boys that he had been seen in company, on his way home from the store, with a boy named Timothy Bacon, near the woods where the body was found the next day. Suspicion being aroused that all was not right, the neighbors set out next morning in search of Georgie, but he was not found until about noon on Friday, in the woods near where the boys were seen the day previous. Some of the parties who were in search of the boy came across a newly made heap of leaves behind a log, which, attracting their attention, they proceeded at once to investigate the peculiar pile. After removing the leaves, what a heartrending and sickening spectacle was presented to the eye—one that almost beggars description and made the stoutest heart quail. The skull was broken in in several places and the body was terribly mutilated and bruised. In short, the whole person was beaten black and blue. The alarm was given to the other parties engaged in the search, and they hastened to the scene. Great was the indignation, and many were the anathemas heaped upon the perpetrator of the terrible crime. The body was removed to the home of the stricken family. Suspicions at once rested on Timothy, who was seen in company with the murdered boy near where the crime was committed. From the appearance of the body the deed was committed with a club; and steps were taken to discover, if possible, the murderer. The constable, accompanied by some of the neighbors, repaired to Mr. Dillon's house, the step-father of Bacon, and found Timothy in the barn; he was arrested, and when being informed of the charge upon which he was arrested, he denied it emphatically, and persisted in his innocence. Bacon was brought to this place, and is now in jail awaiting his trial.—*Greensburg Democrat.*

DESTRUCTIVE CONFLAGRATION.—On last Saturday morning, between 1 and 2 o'clock, the large hotel at Loretto Springs, together with the smaller hotel building and some outbuildings, were totally destroyed by fire, the work no doubt of an incendiary. The property was purchased last fall from Mr. F. A. Gibbons, its former proprietor, by Mr. Joseph Bardine and others associated with him, for the sum of $10,000. The amount of furniture and other property destroyed is estimated at about $7,000, which, with the destruction of the buildings, would make the total loss about $17,000. The entire insurance on buildings and furniture foots up $12,500. Very little of the furniture was saved, there being no persons present to aid in removing it except Mr. Bardine's family (he himself being absent) and Capt. Jeffries and family, all of whom occupied the main building. It is a serious loss to the whole neighborhood, but especially to Mr. Bardine, who is an honest and highly esteemed citizen, and whose anticipations of a more than usually crowded and profitable season have thus been suddenly nipped in the bud.

We understand that it has not yet been definitely determined whether the erection of new buildings will be commenced during the coming summer or not. That they *will* eventually be rebuilt, however, we have no reason to doubt.

Local Correspondence.

WILMORE, May 3, 1873.

DEAR FREEMAN—News in this locality is about as scarce as good weather, and of the latter it is needless to say we have not had enough so far to warm up the "local optionists." Snow fell on Saturday last, which was later in the season than I have ever heretofore observed it. The grass and fall crops are backward, but little spring seeding has been done, our roads are decidedly juicy, and everything wears a gloomy aspect—even the barn-yard fowls.

Samuel Milliken, Esq., of Hollidaysburg, has just set up a steam saw-mill on the tract of land recently purchased by him from Mr. John Egan, and intends to commence the manufacture of lumber immediately. Mr. M. has a large amount of cherry, ash, poplar, hemlock and maple timber within a mile and a half of Wilmore Station, on the old Ebensburg plank road.

Messrs. P. M. Woleslagle & Son now own and run the "Cambria Mill," about one-fourth mile from this place, they having bought out the late proprietors, Messrs. Hughes & Thomas, for the sum of $2,100. The present owners intend to erect a boom across the north branch of the Conemaugh, whereby they will be enabled to float logs from as far up stream as Munster township.

Wilmore is to have a volunteer military company. Wonder if they would like to tackle Capt. Jack! If so be it, they had better elect the hero of "Monitor" renown first officer. He knows fully as much about Indian warfare as many of our West Point graduates.

We were agreeably surprised the other day at the reception of a short missive respectfully inviting ourself, etc., to the nuptial dinner of our young friends Mr. Frank O'Harra and Miss Annie B. Parrish, both of Munster township. Of course we went and indulged in the good things; and it only remains for us now to congratulate our young friends on the happy termination of their courtship, and wish them all the felicity attainable, as well here as in the great hereafter. Frank is one of the cleverest fellows above ground and Annie is as amiable and agreeable a young lady as can be found anywhere. Hence there is no reason to presume that they will ever have cause to regret the step they have taken, "for better or for worse," while life endures.

SCRIBO.

JOHNSTOWN, May 7, 1873.

DEAR FREEMAN—There are two classes of people in this world. One class are called gentlemen. No matter what the other class are called. A true gentleman never meddles with other people's business. No matter what others do. A true gentleman always loves to witness the prosperity of his neighbor. No matter what others love to see.

Local is somewhat abundant here, but we haven't time to write it all, and to write one-half or one-fourth of it would not be doing justice to the subject. So we will let the local slide this week.

Boys and young men who attend the colored church with the intention of turning their religious services into ridicule, had better keep away. If the darkies are not the same color as their tormentors, they have rights which every gentleman and every good citizen is bound to respect, and it is degrading to the white race, and especially to these young men themselves, to poke fun at any form of public worship, or any class of public worshippers. Better remain away than attend to laugh and cut up. Some of our Republican fathers and mothers had better see after their boys who attend the colored church.

There is an immense quantity of big timber lying about the old factory in Woodvale. If it takes all this to make a grist mill we will never build one so long as the world standeth.

M. P. Meagher has received still another invoice of new and useful books. We cannot but wish any man success who shows so much enterprise, and all in a moral way.

The reason we want to go to the Legislature is that we have a cousin there from Pittsburg, and we would like to go down just to keep the Democratic party even with the Republican. We could easily knock the spots off him. But if you do not accept the office of treasurer, we may decline the other. PO YANG.

A HORRIBLE CRIME.—FOUR NEGROES ASSAULT AND OUTRAGE A LITTLE COLORED GIRL.—Between 8 and 9 o'clock, Sunday evening, Wm. Warther, Fred. Steinhoff and R. A. Beck, while passing down Washington street, between Second and Third, heard a sharp, shrill out-cry, as of some one in mortal agony and trepidation, apparently issuing from the little brick school house yard in the rear of the Court House. At this moment they saw an individual running from them. Listening a moment they thought they heard a scuffle between two persons inside of the yard and a suppressed shriek. They entered the yard, and were confronted by three negroes, the fourth having fled on their approach, who were holding and struggling with a small negro girl named Malissa Dennison, a daughter of a widow woman residing up Woodcock Valley. Two of the negroes remaining fled precipitately, while the third was seized by Mr. Warther, who with heroic fortitude, held on to him until he lodged him safely in jail. This culprit gave the names of the other offenders to Chief of Police Westbrook, and by twelve o'clock two more were arrested. The fourth has not been arrested. The names of the perpetrators of this infamous outrage are John Bell, Joseph Yaw, Webster Thomas and David Gantz. The little girl was enticed from the residence of her employer, James H. Boring, Esq., by telling her that her mother had come to town and was stopping at Mosy Jackson's, and had sent for her to come and see her at that place, and when she was passing the school house they seized her and dragged her into the yard and outraged her. A hearing was had, on Monday morning last, before Esq. Swoope, and the rascals were marched off to limbo in default of bail.—*Huntingdon Journal.*

ARE COMING.—The Al'eghanians Vocalists and Swiss Bell Ringers, first organized twenty-six years ago, and whose name has become the household word of the music-loving people of all nations, and whose continuous travels have extended to all parts of the civilized globe, will appear at the Court House on Monday evening next, May 12th, and every one who enjoys good home music—music that will take you back to the "good days of yore," and make you forget dull care—should attend their concert. Their Repertoire embraces a large collection of Vocal Quartettes, arranged in their own peculiar style; also, a variety of the sweetest English, Irish, Scotch, German, and Spanish Ballads extant; Humorous Songs, Duetts, &c.; Arias, Cavititas and Scenes, from works of the most popular Italian and French masters. In addition to their usual choice selections of Vocal Music, they will play several pieces on their new Swiss Bells.

The Alleghanians present free to every lady and gentleman on entering the hall a "Musical Casket," which is fully worth the price of admission is a new feature in their concert.

SOME people may talk about the big stock of flour, feed and groceries they keep; and others may try to induce persons to buy by declaring they sell very cheap. Yet this bear in mind, nowhere will you find, though you seek o'er and o'er, better flour and feed, and other things that you need, than at E. J. Mills' cheap store. Try his choice teas.

THE RIGHT WAY.—The way to get rich is to spend less money than you earn, and the proper way to do this is to buy where you can buy the cheapest, and buy only what you need. Myers & Lloyd's great mercantile mart offers the best inducements to cash purchasers in this region. Goods very cheap, very select, and very abundant.

Communications.

PUMPKINVILLE, May 5, 1873.

MR. EDITOR—The following essay was found among the papers of a late lamented member of the New York Farmers' Club. It is a paper far above the average of such productions, being remarkable for originality. The profundity of thought displayed in it is also something wonderful for this era of superficial thinking:

A FEW HINTS FOR FARMERS.

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Farmers' Club: At the request of several gentlemen connected with this Club, I have prepared the following paper, containing some hints which I hope may be of great benefit if my suggestions are only acted upon. Farming is not so remunerative an occupation as it should be. One evidence among many of this fact is in the raising of corn. In the Spring, just after it comes up, the corn is sometimes almost totally destroyed by crows and blackbirds. Now, if the farmer would use a little forethought, this could be prevented by the following simple means: Procure a sufficient number of hand-glasses to cover all the hills you intend to plant. Put them on after the corn is planted and leave them there until the corn has grown sufficiently to be free from danger. The cheapness of the plan is a feature that will commend it to all, as the cost is merely nominal—not more than fifty cents per hand-glass. It is plainly evident that more than enough could be saved by their use to pay for them the first year. If used with care, they will last a great many years.

Another prolific source of trouble to farmers is the raising of beans in sufficient quantities for family use. I allude of course to pole beans, as no Christian farmer would use any other kind if he could get these without too much trouble and expense. As is well known, when planted among corn, as is now the usual custom, they are an almost intolerable nuisance when it comes to cutting off corn, and also in the husking of it. If not raised among the corn, the farmer has to go to work, with great expenditure of muscular strength and precious time, and cut poles in the woods. This method makes beans too expensive a luxury to be indulged in by the poorer class of farmers. By the subjoined method, however, beans can be raised in large quantities at a very small expense. The plan I suggest, although original with me, has not been patented, as I have the welfare of the "dear people" too much at heart to selfishly monopolize any invention to my own personal aggrandizement. Firstly, then, ascertain how many hills of beans you intend to plant; then go to an iron foundry and get poles cast of iron. If your ground is rich and there is a prospect of your beans growing to an unusual length, get the rods cast ten feet long at least. If the ground is poor eight feet would perhaps be about the right length. They should be about two inches in diameter, and should be cast a little rough so that the beans could vine up with greater celerity. To prevent rust, the poles should be painted. Should there be any difficulty in getting the poles to stand upright, go to a stone-cutter and get him to prepare for you blocks of stone about two feet square and one foot thick, with holes drilled in the centre. Have suitable holes prepared where you intend planting and then put in your blocks. You will then insert your poles in the places drilled for them and tighten by pouring molten lead around the base of each pole, when they will be sure to stand.

As I have no foundry nor any interest in glass works, my disinterestedness cannot be called in question.

Hoping that you will be gracious enough to publish the above, I sign myself

The farmer's friend,

JONATHAN SQUASH.

CLEARFIELD TWP., May 5, 1873.

MR. EDITOR—I have taken up my pen to write to you on three or four different occasions, but have always laid it down without accomplishing the task. That I might as well have done so this time may or may not be true. Be that as it may, I wish to say that I have stood by and witnessed democrats deserting our party in this section, not only singly and in couples, but by the half dozen or more—not exactly leaving the party altogether, but refusing to vote any part of the county ticket, from Assembly down to Auditor, though cheerfully casting their ballots for Mr. Speer for Congress. The reason assigned for this wholesale backsliding may be given in a few words and in their own language, as nearly as I cannot recollect it: In the county convention of '71 we had but bare one nomination north of Ebensburg, and that for the petty office of Auditor, and in '72 only one, and that the small office of County Commissioner. These things, along with others, added to the fact that we are oppressed with undue taxation, which is driving men to desperation, is what is doing the business. I think something must soon be done, or we will surely go under. In the coming convention I would like to see a resolution adopted which would rule out every aspirant for office who is not fully competent to fulfil to the letter the duties pertaining thereto; also, the passage of resolutions looking to economy in the public expenditures of the county as much as possible, the curtailing of expenses to the greatest extent practicable, thus securing the reduction of taxes, and to nominate no man for the position of Auditor who will not pledge himself to render a full and fair account of the receipts and expenditures of the county, and not content himself with giving initials merely, such as O. D. P. and the like. The people want to know to a dot what becomes of their money, and initials only don't furnish that information.

My letter may already be too long, but I cannot refrain from saying in addition that the cry about heavy taxation is no loud in the northern part of the county at least that it must soon make itself heard in the councils of the party. It is a fact that the rents of some farms, or one-third of the grain raised thereon, would scarcely pay the taxes. And this not alone true of poor farms, but will apply with equal force to many reasonably good farms in the possession of competent farmers. Yours, &c., TAX-PAYER.

HALLOA there! are you aware that from Huntley, the fair dealer and square, you can buy the best of hardware, and home-made tinware, and all kinds of wood ware, besides every style of glassware, and groceries cheap, fresh and rare, at prices that will for cheapness compare with those of any like dealer here or elsewhere? If you don't know these facts, call at Huntley's big house-furnishing depot, Ebensburg, and you will soon see "how it is yourself;" but if you do know them and don't act on the knowledge, we can only say that you are standing very much in your light, and the sooner you get out of it the better for your pocket-book.

HYMENEAL.

O'HARRA—PARRISH.—Married, at Church of Holy Name, in this place, on Tuesday last, by Rev. Father Christy, Mr. FRANCIS S. O'HARRA and Miss ANNIE B. PARRISH, daughter of Silas A. Parrish, both of Munster township.

Our young friend Frank has not only made an entire Parrish happy for life, but has sent a genuine gleam of welcome sunshine into our sanctum in shape of a most substantial and generous contribution to our depleted exchequer. Among all our acquaintances we know none more deserving of life's choicest blessings than our young friend aforesaid, and we are perfectly sure that so far as a good wife and a faithful helpmate can contribute to his domestic felicity, he has secured it at best of earthly boons in the person of his amiable and estimable young bride. That they may long live in the enjoyment of all the happiness that true love and mutual forbearance can bring, and die at last in the well-founded hope of a blessed immortality, is the sincere wish of their many friends and well-wishers.

OBITUARY.

WIRTNER.—Died, in Carrolltown, on Friday last, FRANCIS, son of John and Catharine Wirtner, aged 11 years.

NOTICE TO JURORS.—No Court will be held on the Fourth Monday of May. Jurors summoned for that week will therefore not attend.
W. B. BONACKER, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, May 7, 1873.

CARD.—The undersigned will open a SELECT SCHOOL in Union School House building, Ebensburg, on MONDAY, MAY 12TH, inst. Tuition fee, one dollar per month.
May 2, 3t.* HANNAH EVANS.

TRIAL LIST.—Causes set down for trial at a Court of Common Pleas, to be held at Ebensburg, for Cambria county, commencing on **Monday, June 2d, A. D. 1873:**

FIRST WEEK.

Morgan	vs. Holland.
Krise	vs. Hipps & Lloyd.
A. Lloyd & Co	vs. Beaujohn's Adm'r.
Rothrock & Frankel	vs. Callan.
Fish et. al.	vs. Allenbaugh.
Fish et. al.	vs. Allenbaugh.
Commonwealth	vs. De Becks.
Maltzie	vs. Pringle.
Cowan	vs. Gates.
Haven & Co., for use	vs. McLaughlin.
Apple	vs. Williams & Brown.

J. K. HITE, Prothonotary.
Prothontary's Office, Ebensburg, May 5, 1873.

LICENSE NOTICE.—Petitions for LICENSE to be presented at June Sessions, 1873:

TAVERN.

Clearfield Twp.—H. Marlett, G. A. Breneman.
Croyle Township—Mich'l Gates, Frank Kurtz.
Carrolltown Borough—Paul Elwanger, Andrew H. Haug, Lawrence Schroth.
Chest Township—Thomas Ott, Geo. Crook.
Ebensburg Borough—John Fitzharris, West Ward; R. P. Linton & Son, East Ward.
Gallitzin Township—Michael Fitzharris.
Loretto Boro'—Florian Bengele, F. X. Haid.
Wilmore Borough—Patrick F. Kirby, George Weatroth, Joseph Horner, Valentine Maitzie.
Washington Township—Christopher Robine.

EATING HOUSE.

Carrolltown Borough—Julius Stelch, Henry Blumenstine.
Ebensburg Borough—Michael Latterner.
Munster Township—Christina Itel.
Wilmore Boro'—John Schroth, Peter Ermire.

J. K. HITE, Prothonotary.
Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, May 6, 1873.

WIDOWS' APPRAISEMENTS.—Notice is hereby given that the following Appraisements of Personal Property of decedents, selected and set apart for the Widows of intestates under the Act of Assembly of the 14th day of April, A. D. 1851, having been filed in the Register's Office at Ebensburg, will be presented to the Orphans' Court for approval on **Wednesday, the 4th day of June next,** to wit:

Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart for Margaret Stuby, widow of Jacob Stuby, late of Carroll township, deceased,—$300.00.

Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart for Catharine Loretto Gallagher, widow of Frank Gallagher, late of Millville borough, deceased,—$267.50.

Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart for Margaret Kaylor, widow of William Kaylor, late of Allegheny township, deceased,—$250.00.

Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart for Alice Wharton, child of Stanislaus Wharton, late of Clearfield township, deceased,—$254.00.

Appraisement of certain real estate elected to be retained by Elizabeth Jones, widow of David W. Jones, late of Ebensburg borough, deceased,—$300.00.

JAS. M. SINGER, Register.
Register's Office, Ebensburg, May 5, 1873.-4t.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the following Accounts have been passed and filed in the Register's Office at Ebensburg, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, for confirmation and allowance, on **Wednesday, the 4th day of June** next, to wit:

The first and partial account of John H. Kennedy, Administrator of John Kennedy, late of Washington township, deceased.

The first and final account of Tobias L. Yoder, guardian of Jonas Yoder and Tobias Yoder, minor children of Jacob T. Yoder, late of Yoder township, deceased.

The second partial account of Mich'l H. Rager, administrator of the estate of Peter Rager, late of Jackson township, deceased.

The account of Christian Weaver, guardian of Sarah Hochstetler, a minor child of Peter Hochstetler, late of Richland township, dec'd.

The account of Jacob Singer, guardian of Wm. H. Singer, David J. Horner, Benj. F. Horner, Elmira Horner and Mary M. Horner, minor children of Jonas B. Horner, late of Conemaugh township, deceased.

The account of Christian Weaver, guardian of Lydia Hochstetler, a minor child of Peter Hochstetler, late of Richland township, dec'd.

The account of John Cox, administrator of Charles Helfrick, late of Woodvale borough, deceased.

The account of Paul McKenna, administrator of Mark McLaughlin, late of Washington township, deceased.

The first and final account of Jacob Trefts, administrator of J. Adam Trefts, late of Johnstown borough, deceased.

The first and final account of Catharine Gallagher, administratrix of Frank Gallagher, late of Millville borough, deceased.

The first and final account of Elizabeth Kammer, administratrix of Frederick Kammer, late of Johnstown borough, deceased.

The first and final account of J. T. Peterson, executor of Hiram Fritz, late of Susquehanna township, deceased.

The final account of Mary Shoemaker and Ellen S. Murray, executors of Edward Shoemaker, late of Ebensburg borough, dec'd.

The second and final account of Chas. Anna, guardian of Albert Glasser, a minor child of Francis Glasser, late of Chest township, dec'd.

The second and partial account of Chas. Anna, guardian of Ambrose, Augustine and Julia Ann Glasser, minor children of Francis Glasser, late of Chest township, deceased.

The final account of Henry Bender and D. A. Luther, executors of Ann Rebecca Bender, late of Carroll township, deceased.

The account of James J. Will, administrator of Julia A. Will, late of Cambria county, dec'd.

The third and partial account of William H. Silvey, administrator of James M. Riffel, late of Summitville borough, deceased.

The first account of Thomas Carland, administrator of Patrick Carland, late of Washington township, deceased.

The first and partial account of E. J. Mills and Rees S. Lloyd, administrators of Stephen Lloyd, late of Ebensburg borough, deceased.

The first and final account of Peter Campbell, guardian of Margaret Switzler, a minor child of Jacob Bender, late of Carroll township, deceased. JAS. M. SINGER, Register.
Register's Office, Ebensburg, May 5, 1873.-4t.

SHERIFF'S SALES.—By virtue of sundry writs of *Vend. Expon., Al. Vend. Expon.* and *Pluries Vend. Expon.*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on **Monday, the 2d day of June next,** at 1 o'clock, P. M., the following real estate, to wit:

ALL the right, title and interest of Ellen McLaughlin, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Washington twp., Cambria county, adjoining lands of Wm. Mountain, Andrew Rose McGough, and others, containing 7 acres, more or less, all cleared, having thereon erected a two-story frame house and a frame stable now in the occupancy of Ellen McLaughlin. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Zachariah Erbers.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Barnabas McDermitt, of, in and a certain lot of ground situate in Ebensburg, Cambria county, fronting on Julian street and extending back to the public square, adjoining lot of Evan Evans on the north and Evan Evans on the south, having thereon erected a two-story frame house and a frame stable—now in the occupancy of James Todd. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Cambria County.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Peter A. McGough, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Clearfield township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of John Nagle, sr., Philip Cooper, and others, containing 79 acres, more or less, about 60 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two-story frame house and a frame barn—now in the occupancy of Peter McGough. *Also*, a piece or parcel of land situate in Clearfield township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of John Neason, Andrew Burgoon, and others, containing 30 acres, more or less, having erected thereon a water saw mill—now in the occupancy of Peter McGough. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Randolph McMullen.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of James Parrish and Catharine Flanagan, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Carroll twp., Cambria county, adjoining lands of Peter Bertram, Simon Owens, and R. Hite, containing 89 acres, more or less, about 30 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a one-and-a-half-story log house and a log barn—now in the occupancy of Jas. Parrish and Catharine Flanagan. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Felix Jacobs.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Zepharia Weakland, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Susquehanna twp., Cambria county, adjoining lands of Hiram Fritz, Isaac Weakland, and others, containing 60 acres, more or less, about 15 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two story plank house, a frame barn and a small stable—now in the occupancy of Zepharia Weakland. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Johnston Moore.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of William McCombie, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Susquehanna twp., Cambria county, adjoining lands of Simon Weakland and Jacob Stuby and James Kirkpatrick, containing 123 acres, more or less, about 25 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two-story log house and a log barn—now in the occupancy of Wm. McCombie—and a one-and-a-half-story plank house, partly finished, not occupied. *Also*, a piece or parcel of land situate in Blacklick township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Joseph Miller, Abraham Lantzy, and others, containing 90 acres, more or less, unimproved. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of J. C. Fisher et al.

W. B. BONACKER, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, May 6, 1873.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER,

John Dougherty, Sr.

Subject to the decision of Democratic County Convention. [Ebensburg, Apr. 25, '73.]

AUDITORS OF GALLITZIN TOWNSHIP in account with CORNELIUS HANLON, Supervisor, for the year 1872:

DR.

To amount of Duplicate	$446 22
To balance due at last settlement	35 50
To order on County Treasurer, (Tax on Unseated Lands,)	57 44
To order on Supervisors	35 78
Total	$574 95

CR.

By exonerations	$ 5 13
By services as Supervisor, 65 days, at $1.50 per day	77 50
By 17 days with team, (C. Hanlon,) at $4 per day	68 00
By cash paid to James Hanlon for cutting trees	25 00
By cash paid to James Hanlon, 50 days at $1.50 per day	75 00
By cash to same, 25 days at $1 p. d.	25 00
By cash paid Jas. and John Hanlon for shoveling snow	25 00
By probate	25
By order lifted	1.50
By cash rec'd from Co. Treasu'r) paid Jas. Smith, Superv'r	28 72
By work done by taxables on roads	223 85—$574 95

AUDITORS OF GALLITZIN TOWNSHIP in account with JAMES SMITH, Supervisor, for the year 1872:

DR.

To amount of Duplicate	$528 19
To cash rec'd from C. Hanlon (Co. Treas'r)	28 72
To order on John T. Storm, Sup'r for '71,	64 47
To order on Supervisor	1 91
Total	$622 29

CR.

By exonerations	$ 2 35
By orders lifted and cash paid for work	56 05
By cash paid for 25 days work, at $1.50 per day (Jas. Smith)	39 00
By team 3 days, $4, (J. Smith, Sup.)	12 00
By horse and cart, 26 days, (James Smith, Supervisor,)	72 80
By work done by taxables	311 39
By 87 days as Supervisor, at $1.50 per day, (James Smith,)	130 50—$623 20

We, the undersigned Auditors of Gallitzin Twp., having audited the foregoing accounts, do certify as above stated.

JOHN F. BRADLEY,
HUGH GALLAGHER, } Auditors.
Attest—P. J. PARRISH, Twp. Clerk. [5-2.-3t.]

SHERIFF'S SALE.—By virtue of a writ of *Vend. Expon.*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county and to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale, at the Benford House, Johnstown, on WEDNESDAY, the 28th DAY OF MAY, inst., at 2 o'clock, P. M., the following real estate, to wit: All the right, title and interest of Sarah J. Morrison, Executrix of Abraham Morrison, dec'd, of, in and to a lot of ground situate in that part of Johnstown borough known as Kernville, fronting on Morris street and extending back to an alley—adjoining property of A. Robb on one side and an alley on the other—having erected thereon a two story frame double house, a frame stable, and other outbuildings, now in the occupancy of Sarah J. Morrison and David Davis. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Robert Morris, Executor of Anna Bloodgood, deceased.

W. B. BONACKER, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, May 2, 1873.-3t.

DISSOLUTION.—The partnership heretofore exisiing between the undersigned in the mercantile business, under the firm name of R. R. DAVIS & CO., has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. The books and accounts have been left in the hands of WM. BAXTER, who is empowered to settle the same. R. R. DAVIS,
WM. BAXTER.

Ebensburg, April 2, 1873.-6t.

The mercantile business will hereafter be conducted at the old stand on High street, near Centre, by SAMUEL BAXTER and WM. BAXTER, who have entered into partnership under the firm name of BAXTER & SON, and who solicit and hope to merit a fair

LITTLE TOMMY.

A STORY FOR YOUTH AND AGE—TOMMY'S FATHER DISCOURAGES HIM FROM TURNING PIRATE—ADVISES HIM TO BECOME A POLITICIAN—HOW TO BECOME ONE—A TOUCHING DIALOGUE.

From the Philadelphia Star.

There was once a little boy named Tommy, who read the New York *Ledger* till his mind became filled with all kinds of stories about the sea. So he told his father that he wanted to be a pirate. But his father told him it was just as good to be a politician. Then Tommy cried and said, "No, he would be a pirate or nothing."

His kind father took him on his knee and said: "My dear boy, you have a noble character, but why do you want to be a pirate? Is it not to sail in a ship on the sea, with a big cutlass in your belt, and to kill other people and get lots of money and live in a cave on some lonely island? That is the way Capt. Kidd did, and many other bold sailors, in the good old times now gone. But, Tommy, it is not the fashion to do those things now, and if you tried it you would soon be caught and hanged, Tommy, and how would you like that? Papa don't want his little son to be hanged. So let us hear no more of piracy. Your education shall hereafter be conducted with a view to politics. So run away, papa's busy now."

"No, father," said Tommy, "I want to know what is a politician?"

"A politician," said his father, "is a kind of a pirate—a land pirate—who does, in a genteel and easy way, what Capt. Kidd and the Black Buccaneer of the Gulf did so clumsily, and at such great risk. Those pirates plundered individuals; the politician plunders the whole community, a city, a State, and sometimes a nation. He makes much money, and becomes a great man. Father is trying to be a politician himself."

Little Tommy's eyes sparkled with delight; he clapped his hands and cried, "Oh daddy! I want to be a politician! Tell me about some of them. Did you ever see one?"

"Yes; and you can read of them in the papers, in which the criminal stories are much more wonderful than the New York *Ledger* tales. You should read the debates in Congress, in the Legislature, and in councils, Tommy. They will fire your youthful ambition."

"Tell me some of those stories, please," said Tommy.

"Well, once upon a time," said his father, "there was an old pirate named Ames, who had a band of other pirates who called themselves the Credit Mobiliers. There was a great railroad worth lots of money, and in the treasury of the people there was lots more. So Ames and his band made a raid upon the road and the Treasury, and stole millions of dollars. After a while they were caught, and the Congress of the United States pretended to try them. But see, Tommy, how nice it is to be a politician. Had they been pirates they would have been put in prison, but as they were only politicians, Congress let them off and said they did nothing wrong."

"Tell me another story, please, father," said Tommy.

"Well, another time there was a pirate—I mean a politician—who went around at election time cheating; and he cheated and he cheated, just as Capt. Kidd sailed, and sailed, and sailed. Well, he was caught and put in prison. Yes, Tommy, the naughty judges sent him to prison for three years. But, because he was a politician, the President pardoned him in three weeks. Now, if he had been a pirate, they would have kept him in jail."

"Just one more story, papa," said Tommy. "I like these stories much better than the others, because they are true."

"The Evans case," said his father to himself in a musing way, "the pardon of Yerkes, water department, convicted felons in office, Caldwell, Pomeroy, Patterson—hum! hum! there are such a lot of good stories, Tommy, that I don't know which to tell you. We'll think over it some other time. But if you really intend to be a politician, there is a great deal to learn, and you must study now while you are young."

"Yes, father, I will," said Tommy.

"When I was a boy," continued his father, "I did not have your advantages. My parents sent me to Sunday-school, and whipped me when I stole apples and told lies. I was afraid to develop my natural talents. They taught me that it was wrong to look a man in the face and say one thing, and even swear to it, and then go and do another. So all my boyhood was wasted in the pursuit of virtue, and when I became a man I was as green as you are now. But you, my boy, shall have the benefit of the education which was refused to your old daddy. Oh, Tommy, if my parents had brought me up right—that is, I mean wrong—I might have been a much more successful man. I might have been a Credit Mobilier. I might have stolen a million of dollars. I might have kept a keno shop. I might even have been in a cau-cau-cus—and tried to k-kick somebody out—for vo-ting right," and the old man, overcome by his grief, burst into tears.

"Yes, my child—the streets. You can learn a great deal there, if you are attentive. You can learn the latest slang phrases and how to swear. By the way, do you ever swear?"

"I say 'doggon it,' and 'dod rot it,' and such things," replied Tommy.

"You might begin on some forcible verbs," said his father. "I will have to give you some lessons. Can you conjugate the verb, to damn?"

"I think so," said Tommy, and he proceeded to say:

"I damn,	We dam,
Thou damnest,	You damn,
He damns,	They damn."

"Very good!" said his fond father; "you are a very clever little boy. Here is a counterfeit quarter, which you can get the old blind cake woman to change for you. Now run away and don't forget your grammar and what I have told you. But stop! don't let me hear any more nonsense about wanting to be a pirate."

"No, papa," said little Tommy, as he skipped away, with a merry laugh, "I'd a great deal rather be a politician."

SCOTCH ECHOES.—Though the natives of Scotland are generally supposed to be extremely reticent of speech themselves, their country, as it happens, is very loquacious in the matter of echoes. This is accounted for by the rugged and mountainous character of the northern kingdom.—Poseneath, near Glasgow; Carltane Craigs, Lanarkiane; Loch, Dochart, Perthshire; Arthur's Seat; Edinburgh; Loch Kinellan, Cromarty the; castles of Achinduin and Kingerloch, in Argyleshire, are all noted for what Doctor Tyndall calls wave motions, and tourists linger at these places and listen with delight to the curious effects produced. At Roseneate, if a trumpet be played, the echo will begin the tune, and repeat it accurately; as soon as this echo has ceased, another will give the tune in a lower tone, and after the second has ceased, a third will succeed, with equal fidelity, though in a much feebler tone. But the most beautiful echo in Scotland—one of the finest, indeed, in the world—occurs in the ancient and ruined abbey church of Paisley. When the door of the chapel is shut, the reverberations are equal to the sound of thunder. Breathe a single note in music, and the tone ascends gradually till it dies away in a soft and most bewitching murmur. If a good voice sing, an instrument be played, the effect is indubitably agreeable.

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VALLIE LUTRINGER.
Ebensburg, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

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The True Inventor of the Locomotive.

On Redclay Creek—a tributary to the Christine, running into it parallel with the Brandywine, near the city of Wilmington—a number of mills have seated themselves, attracted by its swift torrent, amid scenery of steeps and rapids comparable to that on the Lehigh about Mauch Chunk. Of these the most interesting traditions attach to the Faulkland Mills. Their name may remind the reader of the first novel of the late Lord Lytton—*Faulkland*, written in 1828—but it was given to the spot long before in designation of a primitive settlement, Faulk's Land. The association with this sight is that of Oliver Evans, the true inventor of the locomotive, who here worked and dreamed in a mill enriched with his contrivances.

Evans, like Fitch, is one of the world's lost renowns. Had the legislators of his time possessed sagacity enough to endow his inventions, the advantages of steam-transport would have been anticipated by several years, and the glory would have radiated from the Delaware River instead of from the Hudson. His design for a locomotive was sent to England in 1787, disputing priority with the "steam wagons" of Jas. Watt. He built steam-boats at Philadelphia in 1802 and 1803, and ran them successfully, antedating by five years the Clermont of Robert Fulton—Fulton, whom people are beginning to regard, with Mr. Stone, author of the recent *History of New York*, as the man who has received the greatest quantity of undeserved praise of all who ever lived. Oliver Evans, born in 1755, of a respectable family, was a miller at Faulkland, where his smaller inventions were first put in use. The plank just under the apex of the roof, which he used to retire to as his private study, was shown until 1868, when the old mill was burned. Up among the swallows, as he lay on the board—to which as Beecher expresses it, he "brought the softness"—the children of his genius were conceived and delivered. The mill was full of his labor-saving machines, which clattered to the babbling Redclay. One of his notions was the mill "elevator" (an improvement of something he had seen in Marshall's mill at Stanton,) by which grain was raised to the top of the building in buckets set along a revolving belt which passed from the roof to the bottom, distributing the wheat with spouts to the bolt. This was set up, by contributions among the millers, at Shipley's great mill in Wilmington, and also introduced into his own, where his other inventions of the "conveyer" and "hopper-boy" attracted the stares of the rival millwrights. Poor Oliver was known to the fat millers of this neighborhood as the inconvenient person who was always wanting the loan of a thousand dollars to carry out a new invention. The "thinking men" among them sagely argued that his improvements would benefit the consumer, by increasing the supply of flour and making it cheap—a clear detriment to the interests of capital. Then Oliver plunged desperately into his idea of steam-motion, losing the faint vestiges of his repute for wit, and died poor and heartbroken in 1818, the hero of an unwritten tragedy. The happy hours of his life were the hours on the dusty plank in the mill-gable at Faulkland.—From Wilmington and its Industries, in the April number of *Lippincott's Magazine*.

THE WILMINGTON AND READING RAILROAD.—*Berks County R. R. All Contracted For.*—We are enabled to state that the Wilmington & Reading Railroad Extension—first from Birdsboro' to Reading and thence to the Lehigh River—is advancing rapidly toward a successful completion, and has, within a few days, made several important steps of progress.
The contracts for the graduation and masonry of the upper half of the Berks County Railroad, (referred to above as the extension from Reading to the Lehigh,) were arranged last week. This portion is between Leinhartsville and Slatington, and is generally light work, which can be rapidly prepared for the track.
Financial arrangements between the Wilmington & Reading and the Berks County corporations were also consummated, by which the nine miles of road between Birdsboro and Reading will be promptly built. Considerable work upon it is done, and the iron to put down the track is already provided by the W. & R., but a heavy rock cutting has impeded progress. This will now be promptly finished, and in four months it is expected that the trains to and from this city will run direct between Birdsboro and Reading, over the extension, without using, as now, the tracks of the Philadelphia & Reading.
Another important matter is the sale of all the remaining Second Mortgage Bonds of the Wilmington & Reading Railroad. A considerable amount of these were unsold. The improving prospects of the road have now enabled the Company to place the whole of them on satisfactory terms, and enable it to perform all its part of the development and extension.
The Pennsylvania Legislature has presented to the Berks County Railroad the right of way through the City of Reading, a passage which, as we have from time to time kept the public advised, the Philadelphia & Reading corporation was determined to prevent. The right of way is given through Front street, the same on which the Berks County road proposed to lay its rails, several months ago, under authority of the Reading City Councils. The passage of the bill by the Legislature, it is expected, will settle the question definitely, and assure to the new road its way through Reading in spite of the efforts of the old line to crush it out.
Within a year, it is confidently hoped to have our whole line, of one hundred miles, between Wilmington and the Lehigh Coal Region, via the great manufacturing district of Reading and vicinity, completed and ready for operation.—*Wilmington Commercial.*

TOWNSHIP CLERKS AND SCHOOL DIRECTORS.—We have already called attention to the law which requires township clerks to make and publish full and complete statements of the financial condition of their townships within sixty days after the annual spring election. A neglect or failure to comply with this act subjects the officer to a penalty of fifty dollars.
In several counties of the State suits have been brought by tax-payers for disregarding this law and in each case the penalty was imposed and collected. Township clerks may save expense and litigation by observing this information.
The law requires similar publicity in the matter of school accounts. An act passed two years ago makes it obligatory upon directors to publish annually a statement of the receipts and expenditures of their respective school districts. If this law be not complied with, tax-payers may refuse to settle their school tax. School boards throughout the country should bear this in mind, and avoid the perplexity that may otherwise arise.—*Exchange.*

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for May is an excellent number, containing many particularly interesting features, *viz:* The Portraits and Life Sketches of twelve Editors of leading Religious Newspapers—such as *The Observer, Christian Union, Evangelist, Christian Intelligencer, Liberal Christian, Church and State, Baptist Union Christian Advocate, N. J. Messenger, Jewish Chronicle*, etc.; Human Knowledge Past and Present: Months we Meet and their Meaning;—illustrated; Does Sorrow Kill?—a pathetic story; James Blake of Indianapolis, Portrait and Character; Justice Ward Hunt; Building with Rough Stone; Does the Human Race Degenerate in America? The Gulf-Stream; Curiosities of Suicide, etc. The number merits general approbation; let everybody read it. Price, 30 cents; three months on trial, 50 cents; a year's subscription, $3.—S. R. Wells, Publisher, New York.

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All such goods as Spices, Brushes, Wood and Willow Ware, Shoe Blacking and Stationery will be sold from manufacturer's printed price lists, and all other goods in my line at Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati and Pittsburgh current prices. To dealers I present the peculiar advantage of saving them all freight and drayage, as they are not required to pay freights from the principal cities and no drayage charges are made. Dealers may rest assured that my goods are of the best quality and my prices as moderate as city rates. By doing a fair, upright business, and by promptly and satisfactorily filling all orders, I hope to merit the patronage of retail dealers and others in Cambria county and elsewhere. Orders respectfully solicited and satisfaction guaranteed in all cases. THOMAS CARLAND.
Altoona, July 29, 1869.-tf.

Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, &c.
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DRAPER & TAILOR,
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136. THE ONLY CATHOLIC 136.
BOOK & PERIODICAL STORE
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M. P. MEAGHER, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in STANDARD CATHOLIC WORKS of all kind, PRAYER BOOKS, BIBLES, HISTORICAL and CONTROVERSIAL WORKS, PERIODICALS, PICTURES, FRAMES, &c., &c., 136 Franklin Street, Johnstown, Pa. Will sell every article at Baltimore or Philadelphia prices. *A liberal discount allowed to the Rev. Clergy, Libraries, or those buying in large lots.* Books bound and Pictures framed at the lowest possible prices. All the Eastern Weekly Papers for sale.
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PERSONS going to Europe, or those sending for their friends to the *Old Country* ought to buy their tickets from M. P. MEAGHER, Agent for the celebrated National Line of Steamers to and from Europe. This Line is remarkable for comfort, speed and safety. Drafts for £1 and upwards sold at the lowest current rates. For further particulars call at MEAGHER'S BOOK STORE, 136 Franklin street, Johnstown, Pa. [June 22, 1872.-tf.]

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WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
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AND ALL KINDS OF
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In Chemical and Medical Science.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Incipient Consumption.
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Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cause the Food to Digest.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Restore the Weak and Debilitated
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Give Tone to Your System.
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WASHINGTON STREET,
Near Pa. R. R. Depot, Johnstown, Pa.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS
MILLINERY GOODS,
HARDWARE,
QUEENSWARE,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS,
IRON AND NAILS,
CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS,
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
GLASS WARE, YELLOW WARE,
WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE,
PROVISIONS and FEED, ALL KINDS,
Together with all manner of Western Produce, such as FLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT, CARBON OIL, &c., &c.
☞ Wholesale and retail orders solicited and promptly filled on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms
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JOHNSTOWN FURNITURE EMPORIUM.
WM. P. PATTON,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
—ALL KINDS OF—
CABINET FURNITURE
Nos. 150 and 152 Linton Street,
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Bureaus,	Cane Chairs,
Bedsteads,	Wood Seat Chairs,
Washstands,	Kitchen Furniture,
Sideboards,	Bed Lounges,
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Parlor Sets,	Tete-a-Tetes,
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Book Cases,	Dining Tables,
Lounges,	Cupboards,

&c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.
EVERY DESCRIPTION OF
SCHOOL AND HALL FURNITURE
made to order in excellent style and at low prices. Cabinet and hairmakers' materials of all kinds for sale. Furniture delivered at any point in Johnstown or at Railroad Station free of extra charge. WM. P. PATTON.
Johnstown, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

PARKE & LEVERGOOD'S MARBLE WORKS
39 Franklin Street, Johnstown.
MONUMENTS, HEAD and TOMB STONES, COUNTER and CABINET SLABS, MANTELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Entire satisfaction guaranteed in price, design and execution of work.
☞ Orders respectfully solicited and promptly filled at the very lowest cash rates. Try us.
Oct. 24.-m.* PARKE & LEVERGOOD.

LOGAN'S MARBLE WORKS!
131 Franklin Street, Johnstown.
JOHN W. LOGAN, - Proprietor.
MONUMENTS, HEAD and TOMB STONES, COUNTER and CABINET SLABS, AND TELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Perfect satisfaction in work, design and price guaranteed.
☞ Orders respectfully solicited and promptly executed. [Johnstown, Nov. 11, '71.-tf.]

COLLINS, JOHNSTON & CO.,
BANKERS,
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WILL receive money on deposit, discount and collect notes, and attend to all the business usually done by Bankers.
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☞ Gold, Silver, Government Loans, and other Securities, bought and sold. Interest allowed on Time Deposits. Collections made at all accessible points in the United States, and a general Banking business transacted.

A Blonde for a Brunette.

A SERIES OF STRANGE ADVENTURES OF TWO ENGLISHMEN AND THEIR WIVES—A moral tale.

From the Chicago Tribune.

There is a little romance going on just about Richard Farquahr Burgess and his wife Phœbe, and it would be well for his wife Mary. The account of the romantic fortune that happened these people is so circumstantial that it must be in part true. All the parties were English, were newly married not above a year before they came to the New World to court the goddess Fortune, Burgess and his wife were both blondes, Mr. Moore and his wife were brunettes, and all the men were beauties of their respective types, and all were young and adventurous. The two couple didn't come over in the same ship, but they came about the same time, and they did not know each other. Mr. Dingle, together with his pretty wife, succeeded to Petroleum Centre, Pa., and with a capital of $10,000, which was soon lost in oil wells—all but $1,000. Dick Dingle took this sum with Phœbe, and started for Pennsylvania to the Argentine Republic to retrieve his fortune and make another. He had a good streak of luck, and soon had $9,000 in the first two years, which he sent to Phœbe, and which she deposited. This reconciled her to her husband's absence for the time, but she had not heard from him for some years, and she began to regard him as dead. The last she knew, he was living a wild sort of a life in South America, and had almost forgotten his pretty wife, though he carried her picture next his heart.

GOLDEN VISIONS.

Phœbe Dingle pleased herself with the thought of her recreant but repentant husband in the Argentine Republic. She was doomed to disappointment, but she found out all about it and Bob showed her the picture which he had received from the hands of Mr. Moore. Dingle himself, but he did not tell her the whole story. In fact, it is needless to say that Bob did say to the beautiful woman that he had come so far to find her husband, but that it is quite certain that he never did, got married in a very short time, and now lives in good Cordova City, Argentine Republic. A real blonde is she, and Bob settled down there, and she makes a model wife, and when she rides out every one admires the beautiful pairfrey. It is pretty certain as well as it has fallen out. There are many similar couples are too far apart to interfere with each other's happiness, and they are much better satisfied as they are than they were.

At the foot of the great Yellowstone Lake there is a mass of snow and ice, which is in the shape of an immense cone, 1,000 feet in height. It is formed in the winter and in the season,